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# The Sewanee Review

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## Contributors to the October Review

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FREDERICK MORGAN PADELFORD is Professor of English in the University of Washington.

MARTHA HALE SHACKFORD is Professor of English in Wellesley College.

CARY F. JACOB is head of the department of English in Marion Institute, Alabama.

H. MERIAN ALLEN is a Philadelphia lawyer and journalist.

JAMES W. TUPPER is Professor of English in Lafayette College.

EDWIN MARKHAM, well known as poet, essayist, and lecturer, lives in West New Brighton, New York.

NEIL C. ARVIN is a member of the department of modern languages in Rice Institute.

SIDNEY GUNN is a member of the department of English in the U. S. Naval Academy.

THOMAS PEARCE BAILEY is Professor of Philosophy in the University of the South.

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# THE SEWANEE REVIEW

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[No. 4

## MEREJKOWSKI, A PROPHET OF THE NEW RUSSIA

"The Russian revolution will spare nothing. What will come of it? Then will come the burst into the unknown, 'the flight with heels pointed in the air.' The Russian revolution is world-embracing." Thus wrote Dmitri Merejkowski of the revolution of 1905, in the introduction to a volume on its religious and mystic meaning. That revolutionary movement, stayed for a brief season, a year ago swept aside all temporary barriers and is still fleeing with heels pointed in the air. Whether it will run its ultimate course, and if so, whether it will drag the rest of civilization with it to our triumph or undoing, or whether it will be curbed in its flight and made to drag the patient German wain, a subdued and docile Pegasus, these are questions that look to the future, immediate or remote, for answer.

In the meantime, what of the movement itself, apparently so foreign to us, and yet a menacing apparition, fleeting film-like across the familiar outlines of our social order? What is its animating spirit? Is it akin to the revolutions that have preceded it in western Europe, economically determined, bent on material ends, creature of an envious and grasping proletariat seeking to wrest its satisfactions from the bourgeois, as the bourgeois in turn had wrested theirs from the nobility, serving a god of material comfort and happiness? Or is it a child of the spirit, creature of aspirations and dreams, a new faith for humanity, fresh with the purity of morning's first flush, a gate opening into a new Jerusalem, the abode of mankind as it is to be?

To the prophetic answering of these questions, the most eloquent and engaging of the modern Russian intellectuals, the

mystic and transcendental novelist and critic, Merejkowski, has devoted the labors of his life. Merejkowski is *par excellence* the prophet of the new Russia—whether a true prophet or a false, the future must answer. Merejkowski explains the revolution from within. Doubtless this explanation seems remote and fantastic to many of his countrymen, but it is an index to the aspirations of the more transcendental Russians.

At the very outset, however, the guide himself discourages us and warns us from the quest: "The very minutest detail of our revolution is known to Europe, but the innermost meaning of the events remains hidden from you. Europe knows only the body, not the soul of the Russian revolution. This soul, the soul of the Russian people, remains an eternal riddle to you. . . . This mystic will, which forms the basic principle of the Russian soul, is made partly comprehensible to you through the works of our greatest writers, Tolstoi and Dostoïevski; partly, but not entirely. To grasp it fully, it is not enough to read us, one must live us. And this is difficult and fearful; much more fearful, as we said, than you realize." "Eternal riddle" though it may be, if we are all some day to "live Russia," as Merejkowski believes that we ultimately must if we would be saved, we must venture.

Enigmatic as is much that Merejkowski wrote, and remote as is his mysticism from our western objectivity of thought, from the comparative study of his works emerges a more or less well-defined social philosophy.

Western Europe and America, as Merejkowski understands them, are ill, ill almost unto death. They are morally and spiritually diseased. This moral and spiritual decay is due to the decline of religion, for Christianity, from the days of the earliest theologians an incomplete religion, allowing play only to part of life, has now lost even the saving excellence which it once possessed. Centuries ago it identified itself with the reactionary forces, and they have slowly stifled it. From the apostolic days a joyless religion, blighting the gaiety of men, denouncing the flesh and curbing its impulses, it yet exalted the sacredness of suffering, and made possible an active, though one-sided, emotional life. But now it has lost even this saving grace, and is



being replaced by a philosophy of positivism, which masquerades at times in the frayed garments of Christianity, but which prostitutes the flesh and ignores the spirit. Neither Christ nor Dionysus figures in this philosophy, neither the mystery of the spirit nor the equally noble mystery of the flesh. This noxious and ugly philosophy is the only philosophy that could flower in the stifling atmosphere of commercial bourgeoisism. It is a religion that satisfies itself with the gratification of low-lying creature comforts. Unless this philosophy is replaced by a healthier, the inevitable outcome will be the domination of Europe and America by the Japanese and the Chinese, since these peoples are the most absolute representatives of the positivistic spirit, not hampered by those rags of Christian romanticism that still hang to western Europe. "The Chinese are perfect positivists, while the Europeans are not yet perfect Chinese, and, in this respect, the Americans are perfect Europeans." This philosophy, however, is not to be changed by any mere redistribution of physical goods. Socialism, as currently conceived, worships no new gods: "The starved proletariat and the rejected bourgeois have different economic opinions, but their ideal is the same, the pursuit of happiness."

What door of escape, then, lies open before us? One alone: the discovery, or creation, of an adequate religious ideal. Without this we are lost. Yet the fact that the situation is so desperate is in itself prophetic that the ideal will be found. Christianity, as traditionally conceived, is an outworn creed; science, with its religion of positivism, has driven dogmatism from the field, but, cold and unemotional, stopping short of any dynamic spiritual force, is itself powerless to save.

"Not in abstract speculations," says Merejkowski, "but in exact experiments, worthy of our present science, in human souls did Dostoevski show that the work of universal history, which began with the Renaissance and the Reformation, the method of strictly scientific, critical, discriminating thought, if not already completed, is approaching completion; that 'his road has all been traversed to the end, so that there is no further to go,' and that not only Russia, but all Europe has 'reached a certain fixed point and is tottering over an abyss.' At the same time he showed with an

almost complete clearness of judgment that we must inevitably turn to the work of the new thought, creative and religious.

"All the veils of obsolete, theological, or metaphysical dogmatism have been removed or torn away by the criticism of knowledge. But behind these veils there proved to be not barren emptiness, not unvarying ineptitude (as the facile sceptics of the eighteenth century supposed, with their light incredulity), but a living and attracting deep, the most living and the most attractive ever laid bare before men's eyes. The overthrow of dogmatism not only does not prevent, but more than anything makes for the possibility of a true religion. Superstitions, fabulous phantasms lose their substance, but reality itself becomes merely *conditional*, not superstitious but only *unbelieving*, and for some reason all the more it does so, more than ever a phantom. Religious and metaphysical dreams lose their reality, but waking itself becomes 'as real as dreams.' . . .

"No, after four centuries of labor and critical reflection the world does *not* remain as terrible and mysterious as it was. [However,] it has become still more awe-inspiring and enigmatic. In spite of all its unspeakable outward dullness and poorness, in spite of this commonplaceness, the world has never yet been so ripe for religion as in our day, and withal for a religion that is final and will complete the world's evolution, partly fulfilled at the first, and predicted for the second coming of the Word.

"In fact, present-day European man has before him the unavoidable choice between three courses. The first is final recovery from the disease which in that case men would have to call the 'idea of God.' This would be recovery to a greater blank than the present, because now at least men suffer. Complete positive recovery from 'God' is possible only in the complete, but as yet only dimly foreshadowed, vacuity of a social tower of Babel. The second course is to die of this complaint by final degeneration, decay, or 'decadence,' in the madness of Nietzsche and Kirillov, the prophets of the Man-god, who, forsooth, is to extirpate the God-man. And, lastly, the third resort is the religion of a last great union, a great Symbolon, the religion of a Second Coming, the religion of the voluntary end of all."

The religion of the Second Coming, the religion of the Spirit, the harmony of the age-long struggle between the ideas of the God-man and of the Man-god, the synthesis of knowledge, will,

and love, such are the elements that will go to compounding this new faith. Moreover, Russia is to lead Europe to the light, for, although Merejkowski confessed in 1905 that "On all the phenomena of our modern spirit is set the seal of philosophic and religious impotence and unfruitfulness," he yet added, "We must look to ourselves for salvation, if salvation of Europe there is to be."

With a faith, one hardly knows whether more naive or more sublime, Merejkowski sees the finger of destiny pointing through the ages to present-day Russia to define and illustrate for mankind the ultimate faith in which the race may repose, sees the streams of history converging there, sees Russia as the holy one chosen from among the nations to bring glad tidings once more to the race, to usher in the millenium. And this in no idle, figurative sense, but an altogether concrete belief, a very definite, practical, patriotic expectation. Is it any wonder that the words glow on his pages, as they glowed on the lips of the Hebrew prophets! To arouse the nation to its high calling, to help prepare for the new age, such has been the high purpose actuating all of Merejkowski's literary work since he cast aside the classical exercises of his early post-university days and faced life. The forms that he has employed are historical romances and critical essays.

The brilliant trilogy of romances, *The Death of the Gods*, sometimes called *Julian the Apostate*; *The Resurrection of the Gods*, sometimes called *The Romance of Leonardo da Vinci*; and *Peter and Alexis*, deal with the three periods when the struggle between Christian philosophy and Hellenic philosophy, or between Christ and Antichrist, was most acute, and the stories centre around those characters who best typify this conflict of ideals. The first depicts the furious but vain efforts of Julian the Apostate to reinstate the Greek gods in a society which has become obsessed with the Christian point of view; the second depicts the High Renaissance in Italy when, despite the perfervid denunciations of a Savonarola, all classes are passionately searching for the Olympians, and the beauty of the human body and the lordliness of the human intellect reassert themselves; the third deals with the Hellenic revival in Russia, under the

leadership of Peter the Great, and portrays the tragic struggle between the forward-looking monarch, superb in will, prophetic of the Nietzschean superman, and his timid son, who embodies the traditional ecclesiasticism.

It is well to understand what Merejkowski means by Christ and by Antichrist. By Christ he means not the actual Christ, but the Christ of tradition. This traditional Christ is preponderatingly a Hebraistic conception, and because Hebraistic denies the sacredness of the physical and natural man. The evolution of the Hebrew attitude Merejkowski traces as follows:—

“A handful of wandering Semites, shepherds and nomads—alien to all, persecuted by all, hated and despised, lost in the wilderness, and for thousands of years seeing nothing above it but the sky, or around it but bare, dead regions, and before it the solitary horizon—set to thinking over the unity of the external and inward creation.

“With incredible arrogance this paltry tribe declared itself the chosen one of all tribes and nations, the single people of its God, the one true God. And in all living bodies it saw only a soulless body, for blood-sacrifices and holocausts to the one God of Israel. The face of man, its own face, it fenced off and separated as the likeness and image of God from all animal beings by an impassable gulf. In this idea of terrible loneliness and solitude, in the idea of a jealous God, destroying like fire, there is something of the breath of that fiery wilderness from which this tribe issued: a breath instantly heated, and therefore at times startlingly productive, but also death-dealing and parching.”

By a curious paradox, out of this very race came Christ, who was completely emancipated from the Hebraistic bias, and who revered impartially the physical and the spiritual. He was Himself the word made flesh, He loved all nature, animate and inanimate, with superlative tenderness, He taught as the crowning truth the resurrection of the body, and in the Lord's Supper performed the mystic wedding of the flesh and the spirit. He was both the God-man and the Man-god, the ultimate product prematurely produced.

He was not the frail creature of pictorial tradition, but a stalwart, bronzed peasant, who loved laughter and mirth, lived in the open, sanctified the senses. He was Dionysus. But He was

also Apollo, for He explored the depths of the spirit, experienced the utmost refinements of consciousness, and enunciated the profoundest dictum of the ages, "Ye shall know the truth, and the truth shall set you free." Moreover He was the superman, unflinchingly impressing upon the physical universe and upon humanity the dictates of His own lordly will. He was forced to recognize that His coming was premature, but He foretold a second coming, the age of the spirit, the promise of the higher race.

While a compound of late Hellenic and of Hebraic thought, the Christ who survived in tradition was predominately a Semitic Christ, a Christ shorn of His rich humanity, intolerant of the senses and of the intellect, encouraging mortification of the flesh, and preaching the barrenness and futility of the earthly life.

Opposed to this Christ was the Antichrist of the Aryan idea. This idea, immemorially old, ineradicable, facing in one direction taught the sanctity of the animal, the union of the divine and the physical, and gave rich play to all that that implies; and facing in the other, anticipated the superman which man is to become. It half-consciously recognized—what we fully recognize to-day—that man stands between the pre-human and the superhuman, between the Beast and the God.

"Here for the first time," says Merejkowski in speaking of Christianity's first contact with the Aryans, "the spirit of Semitism, the spirit of the waste and of laying waste, breathed on the magnificent, wild, many-foliaged, magic wood of the Indo-Europeans, and infected one of its branches with a powerful and infectious poison.

"The freshly arrived and simple northern semi-barbarians, who had scarcely left the forest defiles, received the ancient and subtle cult with childish simplicity and coarseness. By Christianity they were captivated as by fear, attracted as by a precipice. They seized upon that side of Christianity which was most alien and opposed to their own nature, namely, the exclusively Semitic side; mortification of the irredeemably sinful body, and fear, became their faith, and primitive wild nature their Devil.

"This spirit of revived Judaism, the spirit of the desert in which Israel had wandered, grew stronger and stronger in



the Middle Ages. It passed like a fiery whirlwind over all European civilization, withering the last blossoms and fruits of Græco-Roman antiquity, until the very Renaissance, when apparently it fell palsied. It recovered, and is rampant to-day."

*The Death of the Gods* presents a curious, vari-colored medley of tangled paganism and Christianity. There are Christians who, to mortify the flesh, make a virtue of bodily filth, of fasting, of flagellation, or of solitude; Christians who would establish the kingdom by violence, burning the temples of Apollo, breaking down the branches of the ancient laurel, befouling the springs, tramping on the sleeping flowers; or again Christians who, seeking to worship the Christ of love, end in the worship of Dionysus, so deep-seated is the Aryan impulse. On the other hand, there are pagan revellers who give themselves up to the extremes of Bacchanalian excess, and pagan philosophers and orators who, deserting the cool environs of the portico, indulge in fatuous scandal and mutual recrimination. Then there are a host of poltroons, pagans one day, Christians the next, who blow hot or cold as expediency dictates. In contrast to this multitude, fanatical or craven, here and there is a pagan or a Christian who is upheld by the vision of the real Apollo or of the real Christ. Preëminent among these nobler souls is the apostate Julian, who, though he wastes his life in the futile effort to stay the incoming tide of Christianity, is magnanimous even in death, and, despite mocking lapses into delirium, dies, as becomes a superman, the master of his soul: "Let the Galilean triumph. We shall conquer later on. And then shall begin on earth the reign of the equals of the gods, souls laughing forever like the sun. . . . Helios, receive me into thyself!"

But the most significant characters are the little group who cannot choose between Olympus and Christ, and who are feeling after the great reconciliation. In the closing chapter such a group—Arsinoë, a sculptress, once a Christian nun, Anatolius, imperator of the cavalry under Julian, and Ammianus Marcellinus, the historian—are on a merchant galley that has put out from Antioch, bound for a secluded villa at Baiæ, where they will seek "to heal their wounds" of spirit. The evening is calm.

The sun is sinking amid rosy clouds. Anatolius is gazing at the water, musing on the phrase "the many-laughtered sea"; Arsinoe is modeling a figure in wax: is it Dionysus or Christ? Ammianus Marcellinus is reading. The galley coasts a green-pastured islet; Anatolius looks up and sees, seated at the foot of a plane-tree, with the sheep feeding around, a lad and a young girl, shepherd children. "Behind them, among cypresses, was a small rough figure of Pan playing the flute. Anatolius turned toward Arsinoe to point out this remote and peaceful nook of a lost Hellas; but the words died on his lips. Wholly rapt, and with a look of strange gaiety, the artist was intent on her creation, the waxen statuette, with its face of haunting sadness and its proud Olympian attitude.

"Anatolius felt her mood like a rebuff. He asked Arsinoe in a harsh unsteady voice, pointing at the model,—

"'Why are you making that? what does the thing stand for?'

"Slowly and with effort, she raised her eyes to his; and he mused,—

"'The sibyls must have eyes like those!' and then aloud: 'Arsinoe, do you think that this work of yours will be understood?'

"'What matters it, friend?' she answered, smiling gravely. Then she added in a lower tone, as if communing with herself: 'He will stretch out his hands toward the world. He must be inexorable and terrible as Mithra-Dionysus in all his strength and beauty; yet merciful and humble.' . . .

"'What do you mean? is not that an impossible contradiction?'

"'Who knows? For us, yes; but for the future.' . . .

"The sun was descending lower. Above him, on the horizon westward, a storm-cloud was impending, and the last rays illumined the island with a soft, almost melancholy, glow.

"The shepherd lad and his companion approached Pan's altar to make their evening sacrifice.

"'Is it your belief, Arsinoe,' continued Anatolius, 'is it your faith that unknown brothers of ours shall pick up the threads of our existence, and, following the clue, go immeasurably farther than we? Do you believe that all shall not perish in the barbaric gloom which is sinking on Rome

and Hellas? Ah, if that were so! If one could trust the future.' . . .

"'Yes,' exclaimed Arsinoe, a prophetic gleam in her sombre eyes, 'the future is in us, in our madness and our anguish; Julian was right. Content without glory, in silence, strangers to all, and solitary among men, we must work out our work to the end. We must hide and cherish the last, the utmost spark amongst the ashes of the altar, that tribes and nations of the future may kindle from it new torches! Where we finish they shall begin. Let Hellas die! Men shall dig up her relics—unearth her divine fragments of marble, yea, over them shall weep and pray! From our tombs shall the yellowed leaves of the books we love be unsealed, and the ancient stories of Homer, the wisdom of Plato, shall be spelt out slowly anew, as by little children. And with Hellas, you and I shall live again!'

"'And with us revives the curse on us,' exclaimed Anatolius. 'The struggle between Olympus and Golgotha will begin over again!—Why? And when shall that struggle end? Answer, sibyl, if thou canst!'

"Arsinoe was silent, and her eyes fell. Then she glanced at Ammianus and pointed to him—

"'There is one who will answer you better than I. Like ours, his heart is shared between Christ and Olympus, and yet he keeps the lucidity of his soul.'

"Ammianus Marcellinus, putting aside the manuscript by Clement, had been quietly listening to the discussion.

"'In truth,' said the Epicurean, addressing him, 'we have now been friends for more than four months, and yet I do not know whether you are a Christian or a Hellenist?'

"'Nor I myself,' answered the young Ammianus frankly, with a blush.

"'What? No torture of doubts? No suffering from the antagonism between the Greek and the Christian doctrine?'

"'No, my friend; I think that the two teachings in many points agree. . . . All you suggest is already written here; and with far ampler powers than mine. This is the *Patchwork* of Clement of Alexander, in which he proves that the greatness of Rome and the philosophy of Hellas paved the way for the teaching of Christ, and, by maxims and numberless forecasts, made the first decided steps toward the earthly kingdom of God. Plato is the forerunner of Jesus the Nazarene.'

"The last words, spoken with perfect simplicity, profoundly impressed Anatolius. . . . The vista of a new world was momentarily opened to his mind.

"Meanwhile the trireme was heading round the cape; the little wood of cypress had almost disappeared behind the cliffs. Anatolius threw a last look at the lad and girl before the altar of Pan. The girl was pouring out the evening offering of goat's milk and honey; the boy beginning to play on his reed-pipe. The thin blue smoke of sacrifice could be seen rising above the wood after the human figures had vanished and while the trireme made for the open sea.

"From the fore-part of the ship there came upon the silence a solemn music; the old monks were chanting in unison their evening prayer. . . .

"But over the still water came faint and clear notes of another melody. It was the little shepherd, piping his nocturnal hymn to Pan, the old god of gaiety, of freedom and love.

"Anatolius felt a thrill of wonder and surmise.

"'Thy will be done on earth, as it is in heaven,' the monks chanted.

"The silvery notes of the shepherd's flute, floating high in the sky, mingled with the words of the Christians.

"The last beams faded from that happy islet, leaving it dull and hueless in the midst of the sea. Both hymns ceased.

"The wind blew sharply in the rigging and whipped up grey and white waves. The straining galley-timbers creaked and groaned. Shadows approached from the southward and the sea grew swiftly dark. Huge clouds massed overhead, and from beyond the horizon came the first long intermittent roll of thunder.

"Night and Tempest, hand in hand, were striding on apace."

*The Resurrection of the Gods* fulfills the prophecy of Arsinoë. The wine of the antique culture, the rarer for its long neglect, is unearthed, and all classes, as they taste its tang, feel the glow of new life. The romance opens with the discovery of a statue of Venus. As the goddess had once arisen from the foam of the sea, so now, with her ineffable smile, she ascends from her millennial tomb in the darkness of the earth, while mortals breathe her praise:—

"Glory to thee, golden-limbed Aphrodite,  
Delight of the gods and of mortals."

The romance is a series of brilliant studies of the High Renaissance, done with a fidelity that carries the verisimilitude of contemporary records. Into this astonishing historical tapestry are

woven the figures of virtually all the men and women who immortalized early sixteenth-century Italy. But the dominating character is Leonardo da Vinci; indeed, varied as are the episodes, they all gain their focal significance from his participation in them or his reaction upon them. Sculptor, painter, mathematician, civil, mechanical, mining, and military engineer, inventor of combustibles and of warlike engines of destruction, landscape gardener and horticulturist, chemist, botanist, biologist, and geologist—anticipating the theory of evolution, aeronautist—constantly returning to the problem of the human bird, in short the most nearly universal genius of the ages, such, based upon years of study of the things that Leonardo created and of the prodigious volumes of manuscript notes that he left, such is the character that Merejkowski gives to Leonardo. Not three, but five centuries ahead of his time, this superb man, who willed to know and who took for his motto the saying of Jesus, "Ye shall know the truth, and the truth shall make you free," misunderstood, abused, maligned, fascinating men yet feared by them, meeting in a lifetime only one friend who understood him and bereft of this friend just when he was discovering the supreme value of a spiritual friendship, moves across the stage of life, and stumbles off with whirling dreams of weights that pull him earthward and of gigantic wings that bear him up, beating in his brain. So considerate of life that he would lift the very worm from his path lest his foot crush it, yet so devoted to science and to art that he would composedly attend the victims to their execution that he might study in their faces the degrees of their agony and terror, and note the least quivering of the muscles, he was the very embodiment of the scientific spirit. At the conclusion of a day in which he had, against his custom, been drawn into a dispute, expounding to a group of literati the evolution of animate and inanimate nature based upon his study of stratification and of fossil remains, he writes in his diary:—

"The disciples of Aristotle, men of words and of books, . . . perceive not that my matters are to be expounded rather by experience than by words; experience, which truly was mistress of all those who have written well; which I will take for my mistress, by which, in all cases, I will stand or fall."



If his method was the inductive, his philosophy was that love attends upon knowledge:—

"The study of nature is well-pleasing to God, and is akin to prayer. Learning the laws of nature we magnify the first Inventor, the Designer of the world; and we learn to love Him, for great love of God results from great knowledge. . . . Remember, children, love is the daughter of knowledge; and the deeper the knowledge of God the greater fervency of love. Wherefore in the Scripture it is written, 'Be ye wise as serpents and harmless as doves.'

"'But who,' retorted Cesare, a pupil, 'can combine the sweetness of the dove with the cunning of the serpent? To my thinking we must choose between the two.'

"'Not so,' cried Leonardo; 'there must be a fusion. I tell you perfect knowledge of the universe and perfect love of God are one thing and the same.'"

In his earlier years Leonardo painted two canvases, the complements of each other: one was *The Fall*, the other *The Adoration of the Lamb*. In the first Leonardo realized the boldness of reason, the wisdom of the serpent; in the second, the innocence of the dove, the humility of faith. But the second was never finished, because there was something in faith that Leonardo could not fathom. In the words of Merejkowski, "In the quest for perfection he made difficulties for himself which his brush could not overcome." What was this something? It was not that he lacked humility, for a favorite pupil said of him: "He is proud as Lucifer, in spite of his lamblike meekness and his universal charity." What then was it? At Milan he created at the same time for Ludovico Sforza two notable works of art: *Il Cavallo*, the heroic equestrian statue of Francesco Sforza, who, the son of a peasant, strong as a lion, astute as a fox, attained by sagacity, by crime, and by great exploits, the throne of the Dukes of Milan; and the *Cenacolo*, the Last Supper. Beneath the colossal figure of Francesco, Leonardo had inscribed:—

"Expectant animi molemque futuram  
Suscipiunt; fluat aes, vox erit, Ecce Deus."

A pupil was standing before the statue.—

"'Master,' he said presently, 'I crave your pardon, but I have thought long, and still I comprehend not how you

were able to create the *Cavallo* and *Cenacolo* at one and the same time.'

"Leonardo looked at his disciple in quiet surprise.

"'Why not?'

"'Oh, Messer Leonardo! do you not feel yourself that they are impossible together?'

"'No, Giovanni. To my thinking, one helps out the other. My best ideas for the *Cenacolo* come to me when I am working at the *Colossus*; and in that convent refectory yonder, I love to think upon this monument of Duke Francesco. The works are twins. I began them together, and together I shall finish them.'

"'Together! Christ and this man? It is impossible! . . . Of which of those twain does he say in his heart: "Behold the god?"'"

Yet to the artist, with his eye fixed upon the archetypal man, the man of the future, the statue represented that exuberance of physical life and that majesty of the human will which the super-man must possess.

The face of Christ in the *Cenacolo* was long delayed, so long delayed that Leonardo's pupils sometimes felt that it would never be painted in. The delay was of course due to the artist's struggle to define the face. Finally it was completed. Giovanni, the favorite pupil, is greatly perturbed when he sees it; he does not find the Man of Sorrows, the mediæval suffering Christ.

"You wish to know whom he has painted, if 'tis not the weaker Christ who prayed for a hopeless miracle in the Garden of Gethsemane? Well, I will tell you. Remember that beautiful invocation of Leonardo's when he spoke of the laws of the mechanical sciences: 'O, divine justice of Thee, thou Prime Mover!' His Christ is the Prime Mover, who, principle and centre of every movement, is Himself moveless. His Christ is the eternal necessity, which is divine justice, which is the Father's will. 'O righteous Father, the world hath not known Thee, but I have known Thee, and I have declared unto these Thy name, that the love wherewith Thou hast loved me may be in them, and I in them.' Do you see? Love born of knowledge. . . . And Leonardo, who alone of men has understood this saying of the Lord's, has incarnated it in his Christ, who loves all because He knows all."

The Christ of the Last Supper thus attempts to harmonize the Hellenic and the Christian ideals. Yet even so, there was something of a lack, as in *The Adoration*. What this something was, Leonardo was destined to learn, yet too late for it to affect his work, from the lips of La Gioconda, her whose portrait was to become, as it were, an objectification of the artist's most mysterious and elusive thoughts.

It is the morning of Mona Lisa's last visit to the studio, a brilliant morning, and Leonardo lowers the canvas curtain to produce the "dim and tender light, transparent as submarine shadows, which gave her face its greatest charm." As the artist paints, a shadow flits across her face. To recover and hold her expression he relates one of his mystic tales, in which he represents himself, between Fear and Curiosity, searching a dark cavern for its secret.

"He was silent. The unwonted shadow still lay upon her face.

"Which of the two feelings gained the day?' La Gioconda murmured.

"Curiosity.'

"And you learned the stupendous secret?'

"I learned . . . what could be learned.'

"And will reveal it to men?'

"I would not, nor could not, reveal all. But I would inspire them also with curiosity strong enough to banish fear.'

"And if curiosity be not enough, Messer Leonardo?' she said slowly, an unwonted fire in her eyes; 'if something further, a profounder feeling were needed to lay bare the cavern's last and greatest treasure?' And she turned toward him a smile he had never seen before.

"What more is needed?' he asked.

"She was silent. Just then a slender blinding ray shone through a rent in the curtain; the dimness vanished; the mystery, the clear shadows, tender as distant music, fled."

The one essential element lacking in Leonardo was thus the free play of strong, spontaneous emotion. His emotions were all mentally predigested. Like modern science, he found—though in his case too late—that the scientific spirit had its limitations. "Was it not only a step," says Merejkowski, in another

book, "that divided the maker of the figure of Christ in the Last Supper from the second incarnation in which I believe, from the ever-intensifying reign of the Spirit? But Leonardo never took that step. . . . His dream 'to be incarnated finally and without recall' thus remained only a dream. And in spite of all his love for Euclidian formulæ, for earthly 'realism,' he yet passed over the earth, scarcely leaving a trace, like a shadow, a phantom, a bloodless spirit, with silent lips and averted face."

If Leonardo lacked the Aryan impulse, it was present in Michael Angelo to a superlative degree. And these men are thus complementary:—

"It is just here in the Sistine Chapel that Michael Angelo, with unheard-of boldness, stripped Man of his thousand-year-old Christian covering and, like the ancients, again looked into the mystic depths of the body—that inaccessible 'gulf,' as Tolstoi calls it. And in the faces of the naked, weeping, seemingly intoxicated youths, the elemental Demons round the Old Testament frescoes in the Sistine, as in the face of Moses at San Pietro in Vincoli, that dread, inhuman face, with the monstrous horns instead of a nimbus, Pan-like, Satyr-like, goatish, we see revived the Aryan idea, immemorially old, yet ever new, of the union of the divine and the animal, of 'God's creature,' of the God-beast. These half-gods, half-beasts, by whom the natural is carried into the supernatural, these beings, huge-sinewed and muscular, in whom 'we see only the face and the body, but the soul at times seems absent,' are pregnant with an electric, Bacchic excess of animal life, like the *Night* and *Morning* of the Medici monument, the *Cumæan Sibyl*, or the *Scythian Captives*, as if they wished, but could not awake out of a trance, and with vain, incredible effort were striving after thought, consciousness, spiritualization, deliverance from the flesh, the stone, the matter which binds them. There is nothing that has less desire to be Christian than they."

The tragedy of the Renaissance was that it exhausted itself before men who would combine the powers of Michael Angelo and Leonardo were produced. Raphael seemed to have the opportunity, but prostituted his art. The foundation of the new civilization seemed about to be laid before men's very eyes. Humanity trembled on the verge of the great achievement, and then fell backward, impotent.

The torch that lay smoldering in Italy was eventually carried, in accordance with the Divine plan, to Russia. *Peter and Alexis* pictures the early conflict of the revived Paganism with Christianity in the Slavic nation. This romance is less convincing than the others, so far as Merejkowski's major thesis is concerned, although it pictures with daring vividness the conflict of personalities in the great monarch and his son. For our purpose the most significant episode is at the very close, where a young seeker after religious truth meets in a trance St. John the Divine, and catches a vision of the new Church, the Church of the Spirit.

In 1905 Merejkowski saw the torch, now a pillar of fire, beckoning the Russian race on to the higher destiny. He was thrilled with expectancy,—and with fear: "An almost unbearable burden of responsibility is thus laid on our generation. Perhaps the destinies of the world never hung so finely in the balance before, as if on the edge of a sword between two chasms. The spirit of man is faintly conscious that the beginning of the end is in sight."

Instead of a fourth romance depicting a high renaissance in which the supreme claims of life would be felt and defined by men of superlative power and insight as effectively as they had been by the great spirits of the fifteenth- and sixteenth-century Italy, and in which the promise of the age-awaited harmony would approach fulfillment, Merejkowski substituted his critical estimates of Tolstoi and Dostoïevski, Tolstoi the Michael Angelo, and Dostoïevski the Leonardo da Vinci of the Russian renaissance. These outstanding spirits are interpreted as having brought Russia to the very threshold of the new age, and in the concluding paragraph Merejkowski declares himself one of "a handful of Russians hungering and thirsting after the fulfillment of their new religious idea: who believe that in a fusion between the thought of Tolstoi and that of Dostoïevski will be found the Symbol—the union—to lead and revive.

"A child's hand may unseal the invisible will in any one of us; may unseal its spring of immense and exploding waters—living forces of destruction and regeneration. It needs, perhaps, but that the meanest of us should say to



himself: 'Either I must do this thing, or none will, and the face of the earth will be changed.'"

These words, seemingly so child-like and naïve, are uttered with a fervor of spirit as beautiful as it is strange. Merejkowski's faith in the spiritual leadership of his nation, in the omni-humanity of Russia, is akin to that of the Hebrew prophets, and and it is a sublime picture that he makes in the closing pages, standing in an agony of anxious waiting, torn between expectation and doubt, looking for that Second Coming which is to bring the fuller salvation to mankind. Our eyes, fixed upon some far-off eventuality, some golden age reserved for our children of a shadowy future, go blind.

Merejkowski develops his thesis with much ingenuity and finesse. Tolstoi is represented as having looked into the mysterious depths of the physical with a clairvoyant insight such as no other man has ever possessed. He was a Greek, but more than a Greek. The intoxicating perfume and the fresh touch of wet spring boughs against his face were among the earliest of his recollections, and in this earthly delight and love for the things of the earth, in this animal love for the body, lay the germ of the more than earthly, for he felt through the earthly toward the spiritual.

"The special glory of Tolstoi," says Merejkowski, "lies exactly in the faith that he was the first to express—and with what fearless sincerity!—new branches, unexhausted and inexhaustible, of over-subtilizing physical and mental consciousness. We may say that he gave new bodily sensations, new vessels for new wine. . . .

"The Apostle Paul divides human existence into three branches, borrowing the division from the philosophers of the Alexandrian school, the physical man, the spiritual, and the natural. The last is the connecting link between the first two, something intermediate, double, transitional, like twilight; neither Flesh nor Spirit, that in which the Flesh is completed and the Spirit begins, in the language of physiology, the physico-spiritual phenomenon.

"Tolstoi is the greatest depicter of this physico-spiritual region in the natural man; that side of the flesh which approaches the spirit, and that side of the spirit which approaches the flesh, the mysterious border-region where the struggle between the animal and the God in man takes place."

Merejkowski develops this conclusion with great particularity. He notes how Tolstoi keeps constantly employing some peculiar physical characteristic, repeated in various connections, as an outward sign of an inward condition: the short, downy lip of the Princess Volkowski, noted first when she was a child and last when her husband looked down into her dead face; the "red patches" on the face of the Princess Maria; the long thin neck of Verestchagin; the "small plump hands" of Napoleon. He observes how Tolstoi has detected the commonplace which others have failed to see simply because too obvious:—

"Thus he first made the discovery, apparently so simple and easy, but which for thousands of years has evaded all observers, that the smile is reflected, not only on the face, but in the sound of the voice, that the voice as well as the face can be smiling. Platon Karataev at night, when Pierre cannot see his face, says something to him, 'in a voice changed by a smile.' . . . He was the first to notice that the sound of horse-hoofs is, as it were, a 'transparent sound.'"

Merejkowski concludes his analysis with the observation that—

"The most intangible gradations and peculiarities of sensation are distinguished to correspond with the character, sex, age, bringing up, and status of the person experiencing them. It seems that in this region there are no hidden ways for him. His sensual experience is inexhaustible, as if he had lived hundred of lives in various shapes of men and animals. He fathoms the unusual sensation of her bared body to a young girl, before going to her first ball. So, too, the feelings of a woman growing old and worn out with child bearing, who 'shudders as she remembers the pain of her quivering breasts, experienced with almost every child.' Also of a nursing mother, who has not yet severed the mysterious connection of her body with that of her child, and who 'knows for a certainty, by the excess of milk in her, that the child is insufficiently fed.' Lastly, the sensations and thoughts of animals, for instance, the sporting dog of Levine, to whom the face of her master seems 'familiar,' but his eyes 'always strange.'"

The tragedy of Tolstoi's life, however,—for Merejkowski considers that his life was a tragedy,—lay just in the fact that he became distrustful of himself and, actuated by a morbid and

selfish anxiety about his own welfare, in his later years imposed upon his spirit a crushing weight of Hebraism which stifled the exquisite nature beneath. When he should have continued seeking God within through the medium of his superlative senses, he gave up the quest, to search for God without. In his infidelity he sought to mortify the flesh, and this mortification of the flesh led to what it always leads to, mortification of the spirit. Chosen to reveal the human body in all its mystic significance, the Aryan spirit of Life, he became distrustful of himself, and deserting that Messiah who came a babe laid among the cattle, who rode in triumph "sitting on an ass and a colt, the foal of an ass," who taught man the simplicity and wisdom of animals, the glory of the lilies and the resurrection of the body, reverted to the asceticism of the traditional Christian philosophy, the Semitic spirit of Death; the result was a "gradually increasing silence, callousness, decline, ossification, and petrification of the heart, once the warmest of human hearts."

As Tolstoi was designed to reveal the physical man reaching up into the natural, so Dostoïevski, at the other pole, was to reveal the spiritual reaching down into the natural. Dostoïevski said of himself, "They call me a psychologist; it is not true, I am only a realist in the highest sense of the word, i. e., I depict all the soul's depths." Again, "What most people call fantastic is, in my eyes, often the very essence of the real." Dostoïevski's province is the mysterious, the enigmatic, the half-revealed. His method is a vigorous application of the scientific, for he surrounds the phenomena of nature with artificial and exceptional conditions, just as does the chemist in his laboratory, in order that under unusual pressure of the moral atmosphere unforeseen aspects and hidden powers of the human soul may be revealed. He, so to speak, provided himself with a "laboratory of the most delicate and exact apparatus and contrivances for measuring, testing, and weighing humanity." His product is a demonstration that the ordinary, not the remote, is the source of the supernatural, that "what seems most trivial, rough and fleshly marches with what is most spiritual, or, as he called it, 'fantastic,' i. e. religious," that with the agnosticism of science the terror of phenomena begins. "We had hoped," says Merejkowski in

commenting on this last phase, "that all the shadows of the non-scientific would vanish in the light of science, but, on the contrary, the brighter the lights, the blacker, more distinctly defined and mysterious are the shadows become. We have but extended the field of our ignorance. Men have become scientific, and their shadows, the ghosts, imitating and hurrying after them, grow scientific too."

Dostoïevski has anticipated the drama of the future, the substance of which will be thinking passion or passionate thought, for whereas *Faust* and *Hamlet*, greatest dramatic creations of the past, are tragedies precisely because of the conflict between the passionate heart and passionless thought, Dostoïevski has placed on the stage of art the passions of the mind.

Merejkowski concludes his exhaustive analysis of Tolstoi and Dostoïevski in the following summary:—

"We have seen that Tolstoi is the greatest portrayer of the human animal in language, as Michael Angelo was in colors and marble. He is the first who has dared to strip the human frame of all social and historical wrapping and again entertain the Aryan ideas. Tolstoi is the Russian Michael Angelo, the re-discoverer of the human body, and although we feel all through his works the Semitic dread of the body, yet he has felt the possibility of a final victory over this dread, complete as in the days of Praxiteles and Phidias.

"Just as Tolstoi has explored the depths of the flesh, so Dostoïevski explored those of the spirit, and showed that the upper gulf is as deep as the lower, that one degree of human consciousness is often divided from another, one thought from another by as great an inaccessibility as divides the human embryo from non-existence. And he has wrestled with the terrors of the spirit, that of consciousness over-distinct and over-acute, with the terror of all that is abstract, spectral, fantastical, and at the same time pitilessly real and matter-of-fact. Men feared or hoped that some day reason would dry up the spring of the heart, that knowledge would kill creation, not conscious that they are coupled and that one is impossible without the other. That fact embodies our last and highest hope."

If it is the manifest destiny of Russia to blaze the new trail for civilization, what are patriotic Russians to do? Writing in 1905, under the pressure of the former revolution, Merejkowski said:—

"One should no longer be concerned with heavenly advantage but with earthly affairs and social conditions; instead of being conquered by the government one should conquer it, permeate it with one's spirit, and thus realize the prophecy of the Apocalypse of the millenium of the saints on earth, and destroy the forms of the power of the government, the laws, and the Empire. Such a renewal of Christianity demands an energetic struggle, self-forgetfulness, and martyrs."

Politically, then, the mission of Russia is to create a government that will be the symbol and agent of liberated personalities. Socially, her mission is to achieve the superman, a superman who will embrace and fuse the lofty self-assurance and sublime will of the Nietzschean ideal, the humility and passion of sacrifice of traditional Christianity, the rich, joyous life of the senses that gave to Greece the immortal charm of youth, and the intellectual thoroughness and scientific spirit of the Renaissance.

Such is the patriotic programme of a brilliant, forward-looking Russian. The reaction to this programme of those readers who have been sufficiently patient to follow through this long analysis will be varied enough. Some will quarrel with Merejkowski's interpretation of Hebraism or of historical Christianity; some will refuse to believe that a union of Greek and Christian ideals is either desirable or possible; others, in the light of recent events, will dismiss with a cynical smile the suggestion that Russia is to lead the world in political, social, and religious reform; and still others, believing that we have not yet learned the most elementary lessons in the preservation and perpetuation of genius in a single family, much less in a nation, will pronounce Merejkowski's faith in the sudden florescence of a race of supermen as biologically unsound. But whatever our individual reaction may be, we shall be the better citizens of the world of to-morrow if we understand the dreams and hopes of other men and other nations. The present is no time for the man of provincial mind.

FREDERICK MORGAN PADELFORD.

University of Washington.



### MOODY'S *THE FIRE BRINGER* FOR TO-DAY

In the midst of the catastrophe of the war we look to our poets for help in interpreting the mystery of human experience. We seek the guidance of their ideals, the inspiration to be won from the vision of those who see a meaning beyond the chaos and suffering and brutality of the present. But when we look about for an American poet able to divine our special needs we look almost in vain. Few of our poets have the power to sting us into thought and to lead our thoughts into regions where we shall be purified and enlightened in spirit to such a degree that we shall find courage and a well-justified hope. In the work of William Vaughn Moody there is just that challenge which we need so bitterly, and his drama *The Fire Bringer* is a most potent voice calling to us in tones that suit this very hour.

Moody's poetry, created and dominated by a personal passion for spiritual understanding, is wrought out with a beauty of form and a vigor of imagination which have not been surpassed in America. American most distinctively, despite strains of German, French, and Spanish blood, and despite his cosmopolitan education, Moody is the child of the Puritans. He inherited that grim, aspiring, relentless mood which would not be thwarted in its zeal for holiness. He had scant interest in local, temporal aspects of American life; he was concerned with America's soul, and he is the guide, the interpreter of our ideals, the prophet of the destiny towards which we stumble. Nothing but a profound tradition of religious passion could have produced his intense preoccupation with spiritual issues and his fierce rebellion against conventional faith. Possessing the energy which hews and builds, which endures all hardships for the sake of spiritual freedom, he is the pioneer who forces his way into the wilderness of truth, facing unknown dangers in his ceaseless search for knowledge of God. Pilgrim and martyr speak in this:—

"Truth is not soon made plain, nor in a breath  
Fluently solved while the chance listener waits,  
Nor by the elemental wrestling mind  
Wrung from the rock with sobs. Myself have held,  
Where in the sun's core light and thought are one,  
Æons of questions, and am darkling still."

One truth which Puritanism had not learned was clear to Moody,—the essential unity of body and spirit. It is the fusion, the reconciliation of these two aspects of life which gives his poetry so vital a significance. Most of us have failed to interpret life as a unit; we shift and evade in our effort to live, without meeting squarely the fundamental question of the duties of the body in servitude to the spirit. We divide existence into Sundays and weekdays. Moody knew no such distinctions; his whole purpose was to avoid a dualism of allegiance. Life must be a whole, not two parts:—

"How long, old builder Time, wilt bide  
Till at thy thrilling word  
Life's crimson pride shall have to bride  
The spirit's white accord,  
Within that gate of good estate  
Which thou must build us soon or late,  
Hoar workman of the Lord?"

The faithful survivor of one religious movement, he is the foreteller of another, for he voices the potent, inspiring truths to be won from the doctrine of evolution. No other idea in the nineteenth century so quickened idealism, aroused and directed high aspiration as did this doctrine interpreted by poets such as Browning and George Meredith. Moody, trained in these conceptions, accepted evolution with profound conviction, and saw all life illuminated by the faith that through ardent, unremitting struggle the individual can slowly progress toward spiritual perfection. There are still many persons to-day who repudiate with horror the doctrine of evolution, who still fail to perceive the transcendent beauty of the idea that man's will is superior to circumstance and can shape and form the plastic thing called self; that man may look forward with hope to a future whose perfection he must help create by his active aspiration, by his positive determination. There is scarcely a poem of Moody's which does not touch some aspect of evolution.

The ability to think profoundly and yet to express his thoughts in vivid concreteness of poetic image, distinguishes Moody from the mere versifier who turns out ethical and æsthetic common-places. Moody never succumbed to the desire to please the

*Musa Meretrix*, and his greatness as a poet is due to his dogged tenacity and persistence in attempting to express a coherent, centred interpretation of man's spiritual destiny in a world of glowing beauty and appeal. His singleness of aim, his steadily increasing insight, his fastidious self-criticism kept him from rapid and vapid composition. Consequently we have not a large body of poetry from his pen, but what we do possess is most carefully wrought.

The note of studiousness and, too, of learning condemns him in the eyes of those who believe the poet must be a glorious, unattached apparition like a comet, but the very fact that he is profoundly familiar with the Bible, the Greek dramatists, Dante, Shakespeare, Milton, Keats, Browning, and Meredith, gives his work a value which is incontestable. He has the superior advantage of having assimilated their ideals and of being able to carry on the development of these ideals through his distinctly personal interpretation. Our faith in a poet's mission is greatly strengthened if we know that he is no mere attenuated voice of the moment, but is, rather, the associate of older truths, of inherited ideas which he has pondered with all of a poet's kindling passion, and which he, in his era, seeks to understand and to transcend in a fuller, richer meaning, if possible; that intimate relationship to the slowly evolved continuity of human thought and feeling is essential for any poetic understanding of loyalty, constancy, or permanency and for any vision of the future. Fundamentally, Moody is original both in idea and in artistic method; his accents reveal individual potency of life and have a challenging sharpness of personality. The dominant traits of his poetry are uniquely, characteristically, Moody's own.

In the dramas, *The Fire Bringer* and *The Masque of Judgment*, he strove to express his essential conceptions of spiritual truth. His philosophy was by no means completely formulated, but was slowly being evolved as life and thought guided him to deeper insight. These dramas are the closely pondered utterances of a powerful human personality seeking to interpret man's relation to God, and to do this in the light of past theology and older literature as well as in the light of the present day. The casual reader may perceive chiefly the highly

picturesque and mythological elements in the work, but closer study will reveal the fact that these poems represent an almost tragic struggle on the part of one devout by nature, skeptical through education and observation,—one who in an awful loneliness of mind endeavored to rend the veil from those mysteries which the spiritual man must know. By no means unquestionable masterpieces, with flaws in expression,—stiffness and frequent heaviness,—these dramas are nevertheless great poetic creations. The blank verse is often of an extraordinarily high order, as will be seen in the lines quoted. The choric odes, like the odes already mentioned, are skilfully adapted to give lyric relief to the drama.

Moody's theme was the immutable, eternal unity of God and man. Seeking to express this in poetic, concrete imagery, interpreting his spiritual conviction in terms comprehensible to all readers, he turned to the two chief religious traditions of the western world,—the pagan and the Christian. Although he availed himself of these associations he interpreted them with the greatest freedom, for he seemed to feel no need of complete verisimilitude. In pagan as well as in Christian setting he used freely whatever he chose of the essential teaching of evolution, of the developing philosophy of idealism, and the doctrines of complete freedom of the will, the individual's power of choice.

Although it was written later than *The Masque of Judgment*, Moody placed *The Fire Bringer* first in the trilogy which was to be completed by *The Death of Eve*. There is no inter-relationship in these works, except the reiteration of the essential theme, the inviolable unity of God and man. *The Fire Bringer* is Hellenic in background and in central imagery, but fused with traditions from the Greek are recollections of *Paradise Lost*, *Prometheus Unbound*, *Hyperion*, and also hints of Browning's influence. The drama is unquestionably the greatest of Moody's achievements, and reveals most completely the deep beauty and power of the poet's endowment. Here, in a myth of old Greece, is wonderful dramatic revelation of the meaning of evolution, the supremacy of spiritual over material forces. The story of Prometheus and his theft of fire from the gods is the dramatic medium by which Moody draws a realistic picture to embody

his doctrine. The scene opens just after the flood has subsided, and Deucalion and Pyrrha, with a few other survivors, are revealed in the half-light, together with the men and women created, as in legend, from the stones which Deucalion and Pyrrha have thrown behind them. In a world dank, cold, desolate, crouch all these beings, fearful of what the gods may ordain next. Prometheus, failing in his first effort to gain the sacred fire, has come to add his dejection to the horror of those left—

"To rot and crumble with the crumbling world."

It is then that the most important figure in the drama appears,—Pandora, the mysterious being who represents, partly, woman, but still more the quality of spiritual energy, of aspiring vitality of will. Pandora, beloved of Prometheus, is the force that awakens him from his lethargy, and, giving him the stalk of fennel, inspires him to new vigor, so that he returns victorious, bringing back to listless humanity the fire, symbolic of material progress and of spiritual light and power. The scene of Prometheus' return shows Moody's remarkable skill in description of nature. The slow coming of dawn, as in *Prometheus Unbound* and in *Hyperion*, is eloquently pictured, but Moody is here no imitator. This is a Greek sunrise, such as he had often seen flood the Greek mountains.—

"Paler grow

The gulfs of shadowy air that brim the vales,  
As ocean bateth in her thousand firths,  
The grey and silver air draws down the land.  
The little trees that climb among the rocks  
As high as they can live, pierce with their spires  
The shoaling mist, swim softly into light,  
And stand apparent, shapely, every one  
A dream of divine life, a miracle."

As the glorious day brings them light and hope, the weak mortals quicken to new existence; joy, exaltation, love are wakened in the hearts of young and old, and a new era is begun.

The meaning of the drama may be interpreted without much involved symbolism. Man is dejected, sorrowful, inert, always looking backward toward a remembered or a fancied period of happiness. Lax, without purpose, without initiative, he is stirred to vigor of life by some force outside himself, by some mind



keener, stronger, more daring than his own. Under the impetus of hope, brought by the gift of fire, even the clods are awakened and slowly—

"The unwrought shapes, the unmoulded attitudes,  
The tongues of earth, the stony craving eyes"

begin to show marvelous signs of progress as the truth of the domination of mind over flesh is revealed to them. The scenes where the stone men and women are endowed with the gift of inner life, of self-direction, are impressively vivid. The reader is in the presence of primitive creation, watching mortality struggle away from shapelessness, sloth, dullness, into an ever-increasing power of controlled, significant life. All the persons in the drama reveal in some way the eternal awakening to higher, finer impulses. Not only in casting off physical torpor, but in ridding themselves of fear, superstition, and cruelty, the earth-dwellers reveal the far-reaching effects of spiritual illumination. Man's sharp dread of human experience is brought out in the realistic protest made against this unfolding of keener life. Humanity shrinks back, daunted, uneasy, loving the familiar, afraid of the mysteries to be revealed by existence. Even in the midst of spiritual revelation we cling to earth, hesitating, fearful of strange truths:—

"God, my God,  
Thou see'st my quivering spirit what it is!  
O lay not life upon it. We know not  
The thing we asked for. We had all forgot  
How cruel was thy splendor in the house  
Of sense, how awful in the house of thought,  
How far unbearable in the wild house  
That thou hast cast and builded for the heart."

This is life for humanity, this mingled doubt, wonder, and splendor. And the leaders themselves, the spirits finer, more daring than the average have their sufferings also. The moments of exultation are swiftly passing; at his highest, man is subject to powers unknown; his visions and aspirations fluctuate and die away after a failure. The power of practical execution of an ideal seems hopelessly lost. It is then that a greater power comes to his aid, to spur him on. Invisible forces of spirit are the real source of fine action and achievement. Pandora is the

symbol of quivering, ideal perception and an aspiration never quiescent, but always in motion, always seeking, finding truth. She is the soul of man, the tenacious faith, the boundless hope, and the love which is absence of the body in the presence of the spirit. Love quickens Prometheus, but not a selfish love; it is the revelation wrought by love that inspires him to victory. The song sung by Pandora as she gives him the fennel stalk is the consummate expression of human courage and hope. It is unquestionably the most perfect lyric ever written by Moody. The vividly imaginative use of figure, the yearning note of spiritual aspiration, give the poem ideal lyric beauty.—

"Of wounds and sore defeat  
I made my battle stay;  
Winged sandals for my feet  
I wove of my delay;  
Of weariness and fear,  
I made my shouting spear;  
Of loss, and doubt, and dread,  
And swift oncoming doom  
I made a helmet for my head,  
And a floating plume.  
From the shutting mist of death,  
From the failure of the breath,  
I made a battle-horn to blow  
Across the vales of overthrow.  
O hearken, love, the battle-horn!  
The triumph clear, the silver scorn!  
O hearken where the echoes bring,  
Down the grey disastrous morn,  
Laughter and rallying."

Even though the achievement of Prometheus brings hope and vigor to all, though latent power is released, he suffers for his magnanimity. Valor, virtue, generous action, are always achieved at great cost to the hero himself. Prometheus, actuated by the most noble motives, is, at the end, punished, made to atone for his audacity. And here is the crux of the human problem. Why is virtue so seldom rewarded? Why does the unselfish man suffer? Why is an heroic act so often a martyrdom? It is the spectacle of this which seems so fundamentally unjust that has darkened the faith of men, and has made life seem futile. But, as Moody would say, this verdict of ours is one more sign of our

failure to have large conceptions. We judge meanly spiritual life and the opportunity for expression of high endeavor and aspiration. We flee from the truth that the fundamental law of the inner life is struggle. Virtue easily gained is valueless. Heroism amply rewarded is not heroism. The test of idealism, not Shelleyan vagueness but efficient idealism, is the courage to face the suffering that is the beneficent law of the universe. It is not passive reception of benefits that makes existence noble. God never intended man to sit in idle comfort, blandly receiving divine charity. It is a world of continued, desperate endeavor, of daring, of energy, of taking chances. It is the uncertainty, the knowledge that some price must be paid, the premonition of sacrifice that gives mankind spiritual strength and nobility. Insight, strength, idealism, are gained by effort, by perpetual striving.

What sort of God has, then, ordained a world of pain and struggle when he might so easily have created a world of pleasure? The definition of God is a most significant part of the drama, and we see God from various dramatic points of view as the characters of the drama discern him. To the lesser beings, there is a hierarchy of gods who must be propitiated, pleased, by bloody sacrifice; their conception of Deity is a conception of strength and cruelty. Deucalion and Pyrrha are wiser, but they, too, cower in dread of gods revengeful, indifferent, or teasing. Alert, on the defensive always, conscious of antagonism to the divine, Prometheus emphasizes man's power of achievement, and insists that it is illimitable, identical with the divine, although the conditions of life make it essential for man to take the initiative and wrest from the gods that which he would possess:—

“For these, if you would keep them, you must strive  
Morning and night against the jealous gods,  
With anger, and with laughter, and with love;  
But no man hath them till he brings them down  
With love, and rage, and laughter from the heavens,—  
Himself the heavens, himself the scornful gods,  
The sun, the sun-thief, and the flaming reed  
That kindles new the beauty of the world.”

It is through the words of Pandora that we become aware of the true personality of the Ruler of the universe:—

"I stood within the heart of God ;  
It seemed a place that I had known ;  
(I was blood-sister to the clod,  
Blood-brother to the stone.)

"I found my love and labor there,  
My house, my raiment, meat and wine,  
My ancient rage, my old despair,—  
Yea, all things that were mine."

In these lines is the key to Moody's faith. The Divine Spirit is within us as well as without. He suffers with Prometheus. He is understanding, aspiration, and an eternal sympathizer in the life which He has created. Never more can the conception of a God of wrath and cruel vindictiveness be admitted by the minds of men. Most significantly, Moody makes the earthmen and women change their conception of God as they slowly develop higher ideas of life. Singing the might of Eros and of Iacchus, they gradually abandon their earthly ideas of the divine, and as their fleshly moods are refined away, as the splendor of existence is made clearer to them, they, through the mouths of the young men, acknowledge the supremacy of one God, a god of inner eternal light:—

"For thou alone, O thou alone art he  
Who settest the prisoned spirit free,  
And sometimes leadest the rapt soul on  
Where never mortal thought has gone."

He has shown that true religion is an outgrowth of the old; that evolution is always economy, pruning away the weak and useless and creating the new by saving and shaping every vestige of significance in the old. The greatness of *The Fire Bringer* is due to the large conception of the unity of a world organically related in time and in space; a world where every part must constantly adapt, adjust, discipline itself to contribute to the perfection of the whole. In showing that God has thus made man the arbiter of his own destiny, has thrown upon man the burden of perceiving and of developing the divine within himself, Moody has proved himself a poet of profoundest insight.

There has been no other poet since Browning who expresses as does Moody the deep questioning and spiritual endeavor of

mankind. In a daring, unfettered effort to find truth, he was not afraid to follow where truth led, even into the utmost reaches of speculation. He did not avoid the logic of his thinking, nor bend his observations to prove his special theories. He had that impartial, intensely receptive attitude which animates the true student of things eternal. His cardinal belief, that man and God are inseparable, was to him a source of exhaustless hope, but he recognized the necessity laid upon man of constant, tireless, undaunted effort. Struggle is the law of life, and the persons who find life unendurable are the victims of their own negligence and inertia. The man who walks erect in the full light of his opportunities, gains a knowledge, an insight forever intensifying itself. Man, earth, God are copartners in the eternal advance of spirit, subduing, transcending matter. Man must be purified until he knows the living truth and has by active effort gained his spiritual integrity. It is a doctrine of scant pleasure to those who yearn for peace at any price. The quiescence of the spiritually weak is a badge of their bondage to the flesh. Beauty, order, progress, nobility, idealism are all gained by struggle :—

“Darkly, but oh, for good, for good,  
The spirit infinite  
Was throned upon the perishable blood.”

MARTHA HALE SHACKFORD.

Wellesley College.



## THE *FAUST* ATTITUDE TOWARD WOMEN

In literature even more inevitably than in life, "the great constringent human relation between man and woman," as Henry James designates sexual passion, becomes from the moment of its introduction the problem of absorbing interest and of paramount importance. Yet in so far as it "depends on itself alone for its beauty," to quote Henry James once more, "it endangers extremely its distinction, so precarious at best. What the participants do with their agitation, in short, or even what it does with them, *that* is the stuff of poetry, and it is never really interesting save when something finely contributive in themselves makes it so." For Goethe the great problem in *Faust* is the development of the spiritual natures of a group of characters who already have in themselves a very strong infusion of that "something finely contributive." How important an element the sex idea supplies in this development is shown by the prominence which Goethe assigns to the Gretchen tragedy and the Helena episode. Almost everything else in the drama seems either to be so focused as to point directly to one or the other of these independent plots, or to arise as the result of action within them. Goethe is concerned with primal relationships. Yet, as these are introduced amid the complexities of civilization, they can no longer be regarded as independent integers. They must be given artistic form if they are to become the expression of a comprehensive philosophy of life. However far from the main issue involved the course of a drama may wander at times, and however much the conception of the dramatist may appear to change in the process of working out his original plan, the one idea which gives unity to a somewhat fragmentary whole is epitomized in the closing lines: —

"Das Ewig-Weibliche  
Zieht uns hinan!"

If it is the eternal feminine which is responsible for the salvation of Faust and also for that of mankind, as the *uns* seems to imply, several questions very naturally suggest themselves: (1) How is this particular salvation for either the race or the indi-

vidual supposed to be accomplished? (2) It is a salvation from what to what end? (3) Is it salvation for both sexes or for only the man? (4) What becomes of the woman in carrying out the divine task of savior? With only the third and fourth of these questions, however, am I here directly concerned; yet, in attempting to analyze the *Faust* attitude toward women, occasion may require me to answer indirectly each of the other questions.

For the study of the particular *Faust* problem under discussion, material contained in the play itself furnishes two methods of approach,—one, general or social, as exemplified in institutions and customs; the other, individual, as represented by the words and actions of the characters themselves. Of course, these are not unrelated. The individuals are part and parcel of the social group. They help to constitute society. At the same time, the effect of social standards upon their different personalities is the sole means by which to judge of their respective attitudes toward themselves or toward any problem of life. They must be viewed as individuals moving in a particular social order. Otherwise neither their thoughts nor their actions are to be understood.

That Goethe was perfectly well aware of the problems he was introducing into the drama is more than apparent. His brain was always teeming with questions such as those with which the pages of *Faust* are strewn. (1) Some of them fall almost as if by accident from the plethora of his pen and are left lying about in unanswered abundance. (2) Others are taken up definitely and systematically. (3) Still others he leaves to care for themselves until the very end; then as a sort of plug for a gap which he feels cannot be left yawning too widely, he throws out some more or less hasty attempt at solution. Many of the questions suggested by the purely spectacular parts of the drama are of the first and the third of these types. Such of these first and third as refer to women or to the sex problem in general, I shall pass by without comment, (1) because they do not appear to represent any real phase of the *Faust* attitude toward women, and (2) because the Gretchen tragedy and the Helena episode furnish more than abundant material for discussion within the limits of a magazine article.

To have carried Faust fresh from the broodings of his study into the presence of a young and beautiful girl and to have involved her at once in a love-affair with a world-weary man of middle age would have been, to say the least, slightly incongruous. First of all, the attention must be directed toward a life the very opposite of that of the dust-begrimed study. The audience must be put in a frame of mind in keeping with the transformation which Faust is to undergo. Then Faust himself must be rejuvenated both physically and mentally. Accordingly, the holiday scene outside the city is introduced with all the delight to the senses which accompanies a gayly dressed crowd bent upon enjoying the first spring day. The world is alive again; and nature is in its most deceptively creative mood. Students and city girls, apprentices and serving maids, go past in gala attire. They, too, are in the spring of their years. At that moment pleasure is for them the one object of life. And what pleasure can there be for man or maid greater than that which the one finds in the presence of the other?

Youth walks at the edge of a precipice without once dreaming that its own lightness of heart will not be sufficient to bear it across the depths in case it should stumble. It knows only the present. Sometimes unconsciously, sometimes deliberately, it seeks the gratification of its impulses. The actuating principle in either case is the same,—the animal attraction of sex. The careless, selfish spirit of youth is not unchivalrous, but ignorant, heedless alike of actions and of consequences.

From this blissful state Faust had long taken leave; yet it is to exactly this absorption in the moment that both he and the audience must be brought before they are prepared to participate sympathetically in what is to follow. Already Faust has begun to yearn for the days of his youth, as if in the thought of their return lay the only hope of escape from his hell of over-sophistication. His attention begins to fix itself upon the idea of woman as the one means of complete gratification of his desires and as promising the most intense of pleasures. Of course, this is the reassertion of its claim by that sexual nature which in him had for years undergone suppression, but which in the end will not be denied gratification except at the expense of a torment of soul which had at last become unbearable to him.

There are in the breast of every normal man emotions which he hesitates to acknowledge even to himself, and which, except under the most unusual circumstances, he would never think of disclosing. In his own eyes he would be most despicable if he could conceive of them as an essential part of his nature. When by accident their existence in the heart of some cherished friend is made known to him, a feeling of revulsion is prone to ensue. The knowledge of their presence in the mind of an utter stranger arouses in the discoverer the keenest disgust. So we keep these things under cover both as a matter of personal pride and as a part of the universal effort to retain the esteem of our neighbors.

It is notoriously true that to the wine-excited brain woman is quick to lose the crowning glory of womanhood. With all speed she becomes transformed into an animal with the one function of giving gratification to the lust of the opposite sex. The wine and tobacco of Auerbach's Cellar loosen the tongues of the revelers and set them to wagging freely with the lascivious thoughts which under other conditions are held in suppression. There is no gloss of high feeling to give to the scene a simulacrum of either goodness or virtue. It stands out baldly and basely for what it is. Faust is not ready as yet to look unashamed upon woman as she is presented to him in the filthy speech of intoxicated students. He is not willing to accept her solely as a by-word and a jest. Thus far he is only latently a sensualist; and their coarseness and profligacy drive him forth in search of a less oppressive atmosphere.

Mephistopheles, on the contrary, has been perfectly at home from the second he entered the door. Believing, as he believes, that men are incapable of any good action or of achieving anything worth attempting, he can delight in wallowing with them in the mire.

Only with the scenes in the witches' kitchen and on the Brocken before us, however, do we begin to realize the depths of Mephistophelean depravity. Until they reveal this hitherto undisclosed side of his nature, he has appeared rather as a somewhat cynical gentleman than as the actual instigator of dangerous thoughts and demoralizing actions. There is in him an irrepressible joy at seeing the vilest obscenity in progress about him and in actu-

ally participating in the height of the orgy. His appetites are shown to be so thoroughly and insatiably diabolical that they need not be regarded as either animal or human, and can be passed over, therefore, without further comment. That Mephistopheles should regard the fairest and most innocent of woman-kind as essentially of one and the same stuff as that from which the she-monsters of his association are fashioned, is a part of his character as devil. At the same time, he is not incapable of a momentary comprehension of feminine purity and goodness, though he does not believe in it. At heart the best of them are of the earth earthy; and he takes a delight in their degradation, if for no other reason, than for the perverted satisfaction of saying, "I told you so." The witches, Gretchen, Helena,—all can be handed over unconditionally to Faust for their undoing and for his. When, however, despite the most seductive of natural forces, Mephistopheles is unable to effect their destruction, he is intensely chagrined. Although he is able to reduce the innocent Gretchen to a state of insane despair, still he is never able to overwhelm her completely. In the end he must acknowledge defeat. So persistently is the futility of his malevolent activity insisted upon that Goethe seems to be declaring from beginning to end that the power of passion can destroy no high soul. He may introduce witches as the anti-social forces exhibiting the degree of depravity to which humanity may descend through lust; but, after all, he still acknowledges the belief that without passion there can be no society. Out of the sexual impulse when properly controlled arise the highest and most exalted relations of life. It is only when passion is allowed to have absolute sway that complete debasement need follow. Browning and Goethe have this in common,—belief in the unconditional surrender of the self to "the hot moment." Yet neither blinks the fact that in the end forces stronger than the lovers combine to crush them. If the supreme joy of life has once been tasted, then nothing else matters. Mephistopheles, on the contrary, urges his victims to taste, only to laugh at them for having been deceived into thinking that their tongues would not be blistered both in the tasting and forever afterward.

Amid the quiet scenes of the town in which she had been



reared, the life of Margarete had been most carefully sheltered. Her family, though not poor, was by no means wealthy; and after the death of her father, to her and to her mother fell the entire management of the little household. When the baby sister was born and the mother lay for a long time ill, everything was entrusted to this child, then scarcely in her teens. How hard her lot must have been, anyone acquainted with the family life of middle-class Germans can testify. Yet there was no complaint from her. What she was called upon to do was no more than was expected of her, no more than she expected of herself. In everything her mother was most exacting; yet Margarete did her part cheerfully and well and to the admiration of the neighbors. In matters of religion, as she understood them, she was most punctilious. Her faith was that of the simple-hearted, affectionate creature she was; and her observance of holy ordinances was as punctiliously performed as was everything else which she conceived to be her duty.

As long as the baby had lived to center in itself her affections, she had been happy. When it was gone, there was nothing left, not even a bit of finery in which to deck herself; for everything beyond the actual necessities of life was strictly interdicted by her mother's austere rule. Pure, beautiful, innocent of the way of the world, and with a nature to which love is as essential as are food and air, it is little wonder that she should have fallen a victim to the blandishments of Martha Schwertlein and Mephistopheles. They brought to her the one thing of all others most needed to make her life complete. As long as Faust and Margarete were together, her entire being was absorbed in his presence; yet time and again the sinister shadow of Mephistopheles fell across her path and filled her with foreboding, though not even the shadow of death itself could have terrified her if she could have been assured that the grave would mean no separation from the one in whom her being had found itself. Step by step she trod the fatal road with a childlike unconsciousness of evil. Only when she had come to the end, when her mother lay dead in consequence of the daughter's carelessness, when he in whom she had trusted had forsaken her, when even her cherished religion could give her no peace of soul, and when

there was no solace except her own pitiful broodings over a vanished bliss, did she awake to a realization of what she had brought upon herself. Even then the recollection of the sweetness of her passion lingered with her so persistently that she could not find it in her heart to look upon her actions as altogether reprehensible. The consequences were those of evil; but since her thoughts were still undefiled, since she had intended no wrong, she could not in her heart of hearts believe that she had been guilty of an unpardonable sin.

Left to herself her condition would not have become intolerable; but every passing day there were the neighbors to be faced. Even while her fall was still unknown, she was forced to undergo the torture of hearing her friends pronounce judgment upon other girls whose conduct had been less reprehensible than hers; even while conscious that her own sad plight would be the next subject for scandal, she was called upon to add her voice to the general cry of condemnation. She could not so much as leave the house for water without encountering in the guise of her neighbors gossiping upon the curb of the well the lowering presence of Nemesis. The high-born lover, the gifts, the wooing, and the desertion about which the lightminded Lieschen is so voluble, are all episodes in the story which Margarete knows to be her own. There is but one hope for poor Barbara, as there is but one hope for her. This she offers timidly as if in palliation of a guilt for which she can claim no excuse. There is the possibility, the barest possibility, that the faithless lover will return to claim the woman he has dishonored and left to her fate. Is it not strange that Lieschen should be totally untouched by the irony of the situation? Although the man and the woman have sinned together, she seems to see nothing incongruous in the fact that the woman is left to suffer alone. The man, she thinks, is too fine a fellow to throw himself away on so depraved a slattern. With Margarete, her own plight has made her keen to perceive the injustice involved in this, the conventional point of view. What a shudder is sent through her already over-tense nerves as she is made to realize that not even the return of Barbara's lover will stay the vengeance of the outraged virgins of the neighborhood! That Mar-

garete does not consider their attitude altogether unjustified is apparent from the monologue she holds as she turns her face homeward. How black once seemed to her the weakness of other girls! How virtuously she had once diverted her eyes from them! But now in her own case how different the situation appears when—

“alles was dazu sie [mich] trieb,  
Gott! war so gut! ach war so lieb!”

Justice as represented by law can be taken as the embodiment of the mean social conscience. To it the thief and the murderer look up as to an ideal impossible of attainment. The man of high integrity sees in this same law the very lowest standard of personal conduct. That he should keep the law is the very least he can expect of himself. Between these two extremes lie the masses of humanity, gravitating some to one side of the line, some to the other, but for the most part accepting the law as their standard of good conduct, or, at least, avoiding the open violation of its statutes. Frequently, when public opinion becomes sufficiently fixed with regard to any particular course of conduct, law ceases to be necessary. The social conscience becomes for the members of any particular group a deterrent far stronger than the most drastic legislative enactment. For the middle-class German woman any breach of chastity placed her outside the social pale; and she found herself at once the scorn of women and the prey of men. Usually, however, it was only when, in her efforts to hide her guilt and to escape from consequences such as these, she became a murderess that the administrators of justice actually laid hands upon her and demanded a life for a life, even though the very inexorableness of social ostracism had been the contributing cause of the murder. In her hour of humiliation, to a sensitive woman the possibility of avoiding detection lent a hope of escape. From the consequences of a less flagrant violation of the moral law, there was none. The contempt of society loomed more terrible than the secret gnawings of a doubly outraged conscience. To a nature such as Margarete's, already burdened with guilt, the accusing finger and the curled lip are things impossible to be borne. Beneath them her reason burned itself to ashes.

Before the imperious demands of Faust there had been in Margarete no power of resistance. Once he had perceived the remarkable qualities of her nature, he would not be satisfied until he had made her wholly his own. Her desire to yield to him served only to inflame his passion the more, until at last her misgivings were completely overborne. That so much misery could arise from so sweet an infraction of social law seemed almost incredible; yet no sooner has the boundary of decorum been past than the hounds are on her heels. Her mother dies; her lover forgets his sacred pledge; the law steps in with clanking manacles. Social forces stronger than the strongest will are swift to overwhelm her.

His passions gratified, that Faust should abandon Margarete and should cast himself into a perfect slough of lust is almost incredible, until one reflects how often human conduct follows just this course. The man so swayed by passion as to be willing to injure the dearest treasure of his heart would be the man most likely to cast her aside at once and to seek further indulgence elsewhere. The Faust who before the seduction of Margarete is made uncomfortable by ribald jokes and drunkenness is now prepared to take delight in the lewdest imaginings which the devil can conjure up. From dwelling upon Margarete as an angel, he has ceased to think of her at all, and has come to accept in place of her purity passion in its most degrading form. When he finally awakes to a realization of his perfidy, his remorse is most terrible. With all speed he flies to her rescue. She is again to him the pure and innocent child he had found at the hour of their first meeting. He is thoroughly conscious of the sacrifice she has made for him; for it is in the light of a sacrifice, and not of defilement, that he looks upon her past. However, when her earthly doom has been pronounced and Faust knows that the book of the days he has spent with her is irrevocably sealed, he loses no time in repining, but passes on to a life of larger and more manifold activities. For the time being his sexual nature has spent its force, and he can direct his energies toward further development of his personality through the more tangible form of creative expression in work.

That from the beginning Faust has looked upon Martha as no

better than the procuress whom Valentin in the end proclaims her to be, is perfectly evident from his resigning her unconditionally to Mephistopheles. Faust despised her; but he was willing to use her, as he was willing to use every other means that promised the furtherance of his ends. Martha, to be sure, was willing enough to serve him. She herself is for sale. So there need be no surprise that she does not hesitate to make what profit she can out of the love-affair of a neighbor's daughter. She is of so self-indulgent, vain, and slovenly a nature that not even the disappointments attendant upon her first marriage venture are able to deter her from a second in which there is a prospect of striking a better bargain,—license to live loosely and at the same time to gain a support for herself from her husband.

Next to her mother Martha would have been the last person to whom Margarete could have confided her condition. In her utter loneliness she turned more and more to the Church for the comfort which formerly it had afforded her. Since succor was not to be hoped for upon earth, she must direct herself to that Divine Mother whom had Joseph thought to put away privily before the Saviour of Christendom found life in the manger; but the girl's prayers fell upon deaf ears.

Sometimes when heaven fails us, there is left on earth a healer of our wounds and a companion in our distresses. Such a one under different circumstances Margarete might have found in her brother Valentin. He had always loved her; he had cherished her as the paragon of feminine virtue. When other men had praised their sweethearts, he had praised his sister. However lightly his life as a soldier had caused him to think of women in general, of one woman he was sure. He held her image before him as the ideal daughter and perfect sister. In any one else imperfection might have been possible; in his conception of her it was intolerable. The height of his love was for him the measure of the depth of her fall; and in the bitterness of his agony he poured forth upon her the brutal denunciation of outraged love and vanished family pride. To him, the soldier, the woman who had suffered betrayal at the hands of one man was no better than the harlot who sold herself to the entire town. In his eyes the innocent and misguided child was



as perfidious as the scheming, hardened Martha Schwertlein. Not even the anointing of his eyes with the dew of death could reveal to him the greatness or the beauty of mercy. His judgment was as inexorable as martial law. To him she was utterly vile and accursed.

The thoughts that went into Goethe's conception of Helena were those of a lifetime. As early as November, 1776, he had begun to jot down his ideas with regard to her; but it was not until January, 1827, that the *Helena* was sent to the printer in its final shape. This character, then, should embody more of Goethe's ideal of womanhood than is represented by any other of his heroines. The impetuous spirit of the young Goethe took form in Margarete; that of the mature, the classical Goethe is best expressed in Helena. Therefore it is to be expected that these two women should be in marked contrast to each other. Gretchen is a sweet, innocent child of the people. Helena is the daughter of a king, and finally the prize for which a great war is waged. Her beauty had inspired the most valorous deeds of many heroic men. Goethe brings her to Faust after the return from Troy; yet for dramatic purposes she is represented as still Helena, the young, the eternally beautiful. She is not a brilliant, scintillating type. She is noble, calm, classic, almost statuesque. She is in every respect a queen, though not a queen to rule a nation, but one to preside with consummate grace over the palace of the most noble king. Though fully aware of her beauty and of her high estate, she is never self-conscious or proud. Her commands are issued in a tone and with a loftiness of bearing which compel obedience. She can weep without becoming hysterical; and she can give herself publicly to the caresses of Faust without suffering her dignity to be lowered. Her union with Faust lends such poise to his character that he becomes a monarch fit to be held in due respect by the far-famed Menelaus. Even with the cares of Helena and Faust the highest poetry is mingled. Euphorion springs forth from the union of classic beauty with Gothic activity and passion. So completely is Helena a part of her son that with his flight she, too, is forced to take leave of the material body and to vanish with him into ether. To Faust she has given herself until the moment when

she must choose between him and poetry. Then passion is relinquished, and she ceases to exist except as pure art. She is the only woman associated with Faust who does not relinquish her personality completely to him. She has sufficient strength to lead him to a higher conception of life without even a momentary abatement of the noblest qualities of her nature.

Helena has attained to complete self-development. In classic art she has achieved her ideal. Only in heaven and in the company of saints and angels does Margarete reach the same elevation of soul. Her ideal is mystic and religious, and not like Helena's expressible in concrete form. Margarete gives herself to the uttermost. By this means she is able to lead Faust still further toward the ideal, even after poetry and beauty have carried him as far on his journey as his powers will endure. It is the mystic, the ineffable, in Margarete which are to teach him the meaning of the new life upon which he is entering; and the sublimity of self-sacrifice is to be the light of the day into which she is to lead him.

The paramount flaw in the character of the protagonist of this drama is that his conception of love is too self-centred, too imperious. This conception may set his face heavenward; something more is necessary if he is to arrive. Even though it may create for him a heaven out of the passing moment, unsocial conduct such as his does not make for life. He is forced to flee from justice and to seek companionship among witches before he begins to realize that life must mean self-mastery if it is to be productive. Will he or nil he, society must be reckoned with. Unless there is conformity to fundamental social standards, ostracism and incarceration must result. If Faust had not been a superman, he could never have survived the disintegrating effect upon character of the constant yielding of either weaker or baser natures to his will. The feeling of dissatisfaction with himself and with his failures was what prevented his complete overthrow and made possible the final ennoblement of his nature through work and through the restraining influence exercised upon him by a personality as unyielding as his own.

Goethe may have attained complete self-realization only by trampling upon every heart which prostrated itself before him;

Frederike Brion may have tasted the full joy of love only as it was presented to her in the overflowing goblet of the young Goethe's lips: but undoubtedly the refusal of Frau von Stein to surrender herself to him did more toward steadying his character and toward developing his powers than anything else in his life had been able to do. If the "godlike" Goethe had never encountered a woman of independence and of strength, however attractive his face and his physique, however brilliant his intellect and poetic his temperament, however imperious his will, he must have remained to the end of his life a despicably selfish man. From infancy he was both lovable and fascinating, and to all but one woman irresistible; but his character was undeniably marred by lack of restraint and by carelessness as to the rights of others. Yet it would be wholly unjust to overlook the fact that in his *Faust*, if not in his code of personal conduct, Goethe makes open acknowledgement that in the chastening effect of experience rather than in variety of experience is its value to be found.

The seduction of Margarete is not against nature, but against social standards. The first aim of society is self-preservation, just as truly as the first aim of nature is reproduction. When natural and social laws are at variance, tragedy must follow. Mephistopheles is arrayed on the side of society and against Margarete, not because he believes in society, but because he wishes to overthrow her by any means whatsoever. The heavenly hosts recognize that in nature is a higher law than custom. Margarete is saved because of her willingness to submit to punishment for her infractions of the social law. She knows, however, that any other course of conduct would have been impossible for her. Only by her yielding to love could salvation from the slavery of work, whether intellectual or physical, be attained. The exaltation of the emotions leads first to self-expression in creative activity on earth and finally to a complete development of the personality through the continuation of the power of self-denying love in a world to come. So says the *Faust*.

More than once since August, 1914, I have been forced to reflect upon the doctrine of self-sacrifice as it concerns the relation

of woman both to man and to the state. When I think of what has befallen the women of Belgium and of France and when I take into account the great number of German women recorded as officially pregnant, my faith in the righteousness of yielding personality to any individual or to any society beyond the point where the weak begin to suffer degradation is irrevocably shaken. Sacrifice is retroactive, involving both the sacrificed and the sacrificer. I cannot see the beauty in sacrifice merely as sacrifice. Often its effects are most harmful. Personality is as often destroyed by it as developed. From complete surrender to Faust, Margarete descended to infanticide. After the sacrifice of Margarete, Faust was ready for the night on the Brocken. Salvation came, not through sacrifice, but through love so strong that it could survive the ordeal of unwarranted sacrifice. I do not deny that character is often developed through sacrifice; just as frequently, however, it is developed through the refusal to be sacrificed. The desire to master is oftentimes the direct result of the tendency of another to yield before every advance of the aggressor. Even after his experiences with both Margarete and Helena, Faust never reached the point where he was deterred by scruples when it came to robbing Baucis and Philemon of land and cottage that stood in the way of his "enlightened" programme for social advancement. He still adheres to his belief in the right of the strong to take from the weak,—the doctrine of the mailed fist.

It is by no means strange that out of self-abnegation as an ideal should come the ideal of aggression, or that the two ideals should exist concomitantly in the same brain. If the salvation of the man is to come through the sacrifice of the woman and if the woman can attain complete self-realization only through her willingness to be sacrificed both here and hereafter, immediately the ideal of man as the imperious master, first of woman and later of all wills less disposed than his own to the overriding of others, forces its way to the forefront as a standard of both personal and national conduct. The glorifying of weakness in the one sex leads to the exalting of strength in the other. The will to be hard, to be masterful, can be accepted all too quickly by such nations as have already been tainted by

the mediæval interpretation of self-sacrifice. The mastery of the destructive forces in the self in order that these otherwise wasted energies may be redirected toward personal and social development is not a doctrine very widely preached; and, I am sorry to say, its practice is still more restricted. Right here in America one hears all too frequently of the complete sacrifice, of giving and of being spent to the uttermost. That love which in order to attain its perfection requires the effacement of one personality by another is as dangerous for the effacer as for the effaced. It tends toward negativeness on the one hand and toward arrogance on the other. No man, however gifted, has the right to demand of another the complete sacrifice; for inevitably such a sacrifice breeds the undoing of both. Strength must be circumscribed; weakness must be strengthened. Because one *can*, is no reason why one *may* or one *must*.

Undoubtedly, Margarete calls from us the greater pity and sympathy; undoubtedly she is the more tragic figure: therefore, more nations than one have forgot that the classic Helena is Goethe's ideal at that period of his life when he was beginning to profit by his abatement of those appetites which in his youth ran riot and which more than once would have put an end to him if he had not been possessed of almost superhuman vitality. As he drew nearer to that last day when everything in him cried out for, "Light! light! more light!", he began to realize what he had never realized before, and certainly what he had never put into practice,—that the restraint entailed upon the man in the refusal of the woman to yield her all to him is of more value to society than was the sacrifice offered by Margarete. Society is preserved in the child; and the love that has in itself no place for the nature of the fruit which follows its blooming is anti-social. A Gretchen may send after her lover a cry of despair or of warning, and in the end he may come back to her as his spiritual teacher; but it takes the calmness of a Helena and the refusal on her part to resign her own personality completely to her lover to awaken in him a sense of his obligations and to direct his activities toward the tilling of fields from which may spring fruits for the sustenance of not only his own soul but also the souls of others.



We should be very careful just at this time not to confound self-sacrifice and altruism. Regard for the welfare of others does not negative regard for the welfare of self; but it does forbid self-aggrandizement. If the nations of the world had laid more stress upon altruism than upon sacrifice, we might not be involved to-day in a vast, hideous struggle. Mastery is no more the supremely masculine virtue than sacrifice is the supremely feminine. The ends of self-realization are no more surely subserved by sacrifice than by refusal to be sacrificed. Love that asks no more than it gives is what we need. Along with the development of one's own personality must go the willingness to recognize that the same rights which are claimed for the self are equally vested in the personality of others. This is not Faust's attitude toward women or toward life as a whole; but it is the attitude implicit in the refusal of Helena to yield her entire being to her lover. The scene in which the two say farewell occupies so small a part of the body of the drama and is so much more predominantly lyric than dramatic that it has never impressed itself upon the popular mind with anything like the intensity of the great, heart-stirring moments of the Gretchen tragedy. Classic reserve in this instance has certainly weakened dramatic effectiveness. Because the scene is not vivid, because it does not stand out as the final scene of the Gretchen tragedy stands out, its significance has been overlooked by the people of Germany as well as by us. The equal dignity of masculine and feminine personality is what it proclaims. In this instance the refusal of "the eternal feminine" to extinguish itself before the unbridled egotism of even the most powerful masculine nature becomes the means of leading both on. Nevertheless, I do not believe the *Faust* plan to be the only plan of salvation. I can see no reason why the discipline to be had from self-control where Margarete was concerned would not have been to Faust equally as beneficial as the enforced restraint to which he was subjected by Helena. In real life it would hardly have been productive of such dire consequences, though it would have failed, of course, to present to the dramatist so picturesque or so effective a story of regeneration.

Altruism does at times demand sacrifice; it often compels

direct opposition to undue privilege; but rarely, indeed, is it forced to go the full length of self-effacement. Whatever is self-destructive is usually in advance self-condemned. To lose oneself is not necessarily to find oneself. Self-sacrifice is an idea worthy of inculcation only when the end to be attained is better and greater than that which it supplants. The law of human life is, *life at its highest and fullest*. In it are implied reproduction and repetition. Both are alike impossible to either individuals or nations unless the complete expression of personality is tempered by altruism, unless both sexes are left free to expand as the differences in their natures direct. If sacrifice be necessary, the willingness to be sacrificed should arise from within. Personality is too sacred a thing, and the shades of value in any two personalities are too difficult of determination for even the most exalted genius to claim for its own expansion another's place in the sun.

CARY F. JACOB.

Marion Institute, Marion, Alabama.

## WHO WAS WHO?

The *genus* statistician, ever longing for new fields wherein to exercise his conquering lists and figures, should turn prompt attention to a "human interest" necrology. This is not to propose any extension to the already well-compiled chronicles of those notables who, year by year, are called from the world's work. Such a roster as is here in mind would be at once much more brief and a deal more difficult to bring together. As the somewhat vague content of "notable" affords the annalist no sure touchstone as to whom to include in his lists, so he would find no little trouble even to get track of the genuinely interesting men and women who, week by week, cross to the great beyond; "interesting," that is, in an accurately broad sense of the word. Many a one, in whom the man in the street would have true interest, receives not so much as the conventional "few lines" of daily press notice, outside the narrow confines of his native town.

There was the Reverend Bulkeley Owen Jones, for instance, who not long ago departed this life at the ripe age of ninety. In Wales he was known well enough, to be sure; in England only scantily, however, and on this side of the Atlantic not at all. Yet nine out of ten American boys have read (or should have read) *Tom Brown's School Days*, and eight out of each nine recall vividly the not less than classic fight between Tom and "Slogger Williams." Well, the venerable Welsh clergyman was the original of the "Slogger," and so known to scores of thousands full as really as the few hundred of his countryside who mourned his passing.

Again, a recent dispatch told of the death at Milan, Italy, of one Luigi Monti, aged eighty-four,—and how many who caught a fleeting glimpse of the announcement realized that here was word of "the grim printer's unalterable period" set to the life of the last surviving guest of that "Wayside Inn" gathering immortalized by Longfellow? Monti, "the young Sicilian, in sight of Etna born and bred" (further bound to memories of that famous little company through his marriage with the daughter of Pro-

fessor Parsons, of Harvard, the Inn's "Poet"), was the reputed teller of the three tales: "King Robert of Sicily," "The Bell of Atri," and "The Monk of Casal-Maggiore."

Yet a third instance will be best of all to indicate the need of now and again reminding grateful memories of friends of yesteryear. The obituary items have lately held the name of John Chatterton, better known as "Signor Perugini." Here was a citizen of the foot-light world with as strange, eventful a history as was ever told in Arden forest. His first public appearance was as prize-winner in Barnum's original baby-show, which success so marked him for the stage that,—when youth had given him a remarkably slender frame and a gift for dancing,—he donned the spangled skirts of a ballerina of the seventies, capering and pirouetting for the delectation of New York's *jeunesse dorée* for an entire season. They showered with flowers and love letters, and even jewels, the "her" that was in fact mere *him*, till his friends grew to fear his arrest for fraud, and persuaded him to send a note to one of his most intense adorers conveying by indirection a hint of the truth. It was this adventure which, told at a dinner-table one evening, so delighted John Hay and Thomas Bailey Aldrich that each undertook to write a short story with that as theme. There was a friendly race to see which could reach the publishers first with his version, and both stories appeared simultaneously, Hay's in the old *Galaxy* and Aldrich's in the ever-youthful *Atlantic*. The hero's identity, of course, was carefully disguised. Perugini's later career was out of the ordinary—romantic, literally, as well as dramatic, professionally—but in this early happening, from which sprang "Mademoiselle Olympe Zabniski," there was, with nothing added, full warrant for a retelling of the man's odd story.

All of which brings home once more the perennial interest that lies in the gossip as well as the admitted fact anent the originals of the famous folk of fiction. "Originality is nothing but judicious imitation," said a cynical Frenchman, and so we learn with no lessening of our fondness for the literary "deductions" that the prototype of Sherlock Holmes was Dr. Joseph Bell of Edinburgh, that David Claridge, in Gilbert Parker's *The Weavers*, was General "Chinese" Gordon, and that Mis-

tress Marie Beadnell, the flirtatious, frivolous daughter of a staid and stodgy banker, was the actual inspiration of dear Dolly Varden.

Speaking of Dickens, it is, of course, well recognized that he drew upon real life not only for most of the names he uses (he walked the London streets with as quick an eye for a suggestive cognomen, caught on sign or poster, as did ever Balzac in his wanderings through Paris), but that many of his characters were transferred more or less directly to his pages from flesh and blood acquaintances. It was one of the novelist's early friends who suggested to him Little Dorrit, whom Swinburne thought so "rationally pathetic." She was Mrs. Mary Ann Cooper, who, within a few months of rounding out a full century, was called from "these garish scenes" only in 1912. "Boz" and Mary Ann were boy and girl sweethearts, when the future "child of the Marshalsea" lived with her parents in Johnson Street, Clarendon Square, and opposite the Dickens family. "Dorrit" and "Little Dorrit" were then the future author's pet names for her, and he often said he would write a book about her. Still another old friend, a Mrs. Hayman, who died at Southsea in 1910, at the age of eighty-one, had a brother (a helpless cripple) who inspired Tiny Tim Cratchit in the *Christmas Carol*, with his "God bless us, every one" ringing down through the generations.

"The Shakespeare of the common people" appears to have had little scruple in appropriating anybody who promised good material for character study, occasionally, indeed, going a bit too far; it is common knowledge that his too-faithful portraits in *Bleak House* of Leigh Hunt and Walter Savage Landor, drawn in the ingenuously unscrupulous Harold Skimpole and self-assertive Lawrence Boythorn, caused much bitter feeling against the great writer on the part both of the models and their friends. Apropos of this, it is said that Wackford Squeers, the rascally and rapacious schoolmaster of Dotheboy's Hall, in *Nicholas Nickleby*, has never been positively identified, although it has been generally felt that he was drawn from nature, not fancy. In proof of this contention, after the appearance of the book, no less than six country schoolmasters came up to London for the purpose of thrashing the author, each seeing himself in the picture.



The prototype of that prince of humorists and good fellows, Sam Weller, was one Sam Vale, a popular low comedian. His great part was that of "Simon Splatterdash," whose sayings, at the time *Pickwick* was appearing, were in almost every mouth in London. Boz took the man himself, who had peculiar native wit and power of repartee, and the rôle he played, and out of them constructed a personality so uniquely fetching as actually to save the day for *Papers*, the retirement of which the publishers had been seriously considering, until No. 5, "Samivel," was introduced—to a chorus of affectionate praise which still resounds.

Of all the Dickensian folk one would be most inclined to class Dan'l Quilp as a product of pure fancy, yet it is creditably stated that he had a flesh and blood reality—an Irishman, settled in London, by the name of Byrne who claimed to be a doctor, and a graduate of Trinity College, Dublin. The author of *Old Curiosity Shop* had heard of him from a reporter, after he had begun to plan the book, sought an introduction, and though in his society not much over an hour, not the smallest or ugliest detail escaped his mirror-like study. Byrne was a man who could speak excellent English and show perfect breeding when he chose (a phase which is quite unlike Quilp), but, on the other hand, he possessed characteristics and peculiarities amazingly in common with the villainous oddity. He was a man with a cruel eye and an expression of malicious, savage humor. Once he was seen scattering heated pennies to a crowd of street urchins from a second story window, his sardonic countenance appearing half a dozen times, while he shrieked with malevolent glee as he heard any of the scrambling boys yell with pain: "Fight, you dogs, fight!" he screamed. This is so exactly Quilp's way and speech that the malignant portrait seems undeniable.

From thoughts of Dickens the mind naturally gravitates to the author of *Vanity Fair*, and one finds in Thackeray even more portraiture of well-known people than in the creator of Weller, Quilp, *et al.*, although it is not recorded that he got into as much hot water on account of it as did his brother author. Indeed, "William Makepeace Goliath himself," and his daughter, Lady Ritchie, for him, always stoutly maintained that, with the

exception of one or two, all his people were either the products of pure fancy or, at the most, bore composite likenesses. It is not reasonable, however, to expect a novelist to lay bare the secrets of his workshop, neither is it reasonable to suppose that the great characters of fiction were not fashioned, albeit unconsciously, after living models.

It is generally known that Lord Steyne was the wicked but witty third Marquis of Hartford, whom Tom Moore once called "that hoary old sinner"; that Wenham, Steyne's secretary, was Hertford's friend and Macaulay's aversion, John Wilson Crocker, and that Bulwer was laughed at in *Yellowplush* as Bulwig. Dr. Portman, the vicar of Clavering St. Mary, who was as tender of Mrs. Pendennis as he was severe upon Pen's peccadillos, was the famous Dr. Cornish, vicar of Ottery St. Mary during the author's boyhood, and Miss Fotheringay the early actress love of the young man, whom the worthy Portman anathematized, was Eliza O'Neill, an Irish actress of the forefront of the nineteenth century; famous in comedy and tragedy, she became a member of fashionable society, as did "the Fotheringay," marrying Sir William Wrexen Becher in '31. As to Captain Costigan, her impulsive, light-hearted, bibulous father, he was made up of two or three persons, one of whom was certainly William John O'Connell, cousin to the famous Daniel, and described as "an Irish gentleman of the old fighting, creditor-defying school."

Elizabeth Chudleigh, the great English beauty and adventuress, in George II's day, who claimed to be Duchess of Kingston and really was Countess of Bristol, suggested the fickle but fascinating Beatrix Esmond. The likeness can be seen as one follows the matter through *Henry Esmond* and into *The Virginians*, where she appears as Mme. Bernstein. Beatrix, however, was not so bad as her prototype, who was declared guilty of bigamy and escaped to Europe where she filled the Winter Palace of St. Petersburg and the Papal Court at Rome with the noise of the scandals of her later life.

During the appearance of *The Virginians* in serial form, Thackeray had his quarrel with Edmund Yeates, the novelist, which ended in the expulsion of Yates from the Garrick Club,

and it has been generally believed that young Grubstreet, in this book, "who corresponded with threepenny papers and describes the persons and conversation of gentlemen whom he meets at his clubs," is a hit at the object of the novelist's wrath. Another writer, but a life-long friend, Edward "Omar" Fitzgerald, had very different treatment in the person of Pendennis's guide, philosopher, and friend George Warrington. There was much alike in their professional and domestic experience, though a point of difference is at once to be emphasized: while Warrington's wife was a bad woman, made so doubtless to heighten the dramatic effect, FitzGerald's was not. Again, Wagg, in the same book, wit and man-about-town, finds his counterpart in Theodore Hook, the pseudo-novelist and dramatist and quite genuine practical joker and all-round genial character of the first half of the nineteenth century. (Thackeray actually had the audacity of putting into Wagg's mouth one of Hook's own jokes). Harry Foker, another of Arthur's friends was one Andrew Archdeckne, known among his friends as "Merry Andrew." Like Foker, he was small in stature, owned a large estate, wore eccentric clothing, was thoroughly Bohemian in tastes, and sought the companionship of sports, actors, and authors. While he appeared to be good-natured about the take-off he really was never reconciled to association with a brewery and "Foker's Entire," and never lost an opportunity to have a fling at the novelist, whom he especially annoyed by calling "Thack." The night that the first lecture on the "English Humorists of the Eighteenth Century" was delivered, "Merry Andrew" made a point of being present. Later, meeting the lecturer at the Garrick, surrounded by admiring friends, he said "How are you, Thack? I was at your show to-night. What a lot of swells you had there—yes! But I thought it was dull, devilish dull! Tell you what, Thack, you need a piano!"

Though Thackeray would never admit the verity of these originals he did say that Sir Pitt Crawley, the vulgar, miserly, and illiterate baronet in *Vanity Fair*, was an exact likeness, and it is generally conceded that it is meant for Lord Rolle of Stevenstone, a staunch adherent of the younger Pitt and the hero of the "Rolliad," a political satire of the late 1700's aimed

at Pitt and Dundas. Rolle lived long, dying in 1842 at the age of ninety-two. Wraxall says of him: "Nature had denied him all pretensions to grace or elegance. Neither was his understanding apparently more cultivated than his manners were refined. He reminded me always of a Devonshire rustic."

It will be remembered that Sir Pitt was one of the many admirers of the wily Becky Sharp and would have married her if his son Rawdon had not gotten in ahead of him. Many have been the surmises as to who sat for this never-to-be-forgotten picture of a scheming, worldly, and yet not altogether bad woman. Gossip has it that Becky is partly invention and partly real, and that the reality was suggested by a governess who lived as the companion of a very rich, selfish, old woman, in the neighborhood of Kensington Square. Strangely enough, the author had read his model sufficiently accurately to prophesy well, for *Vanity Fair* had been published some years when the companion followed almost exactly in the footsteps of Mrs. Rawdon Crawley, running away with her employer's nephew, and, for a while, creating quite a sensation in society in Mrs. Crawley's way and by her methods. In the end, she fled the country and was later seen on the continent, flitting from gambling place to gambling place.

Amelia Osborne, Becky's friend, was made up of Mrs. Brookfield, Thackeray's mother, and his wife as she was before her unfortunate malady. It is curious that so fecund a genius, with three such women to pattern after, should have been content with turning out such a milk-and-water person, nor can one help but feel that the quite unromantic Dobbin (who, by the way, was Archdeacon Allen, Thackeray's school-fellow and life-long friend), deserved all that he certainly got for allowing himself to grow maudlin over such a weakling. Much greater justice was done the model and the conception of a good woman when Mrs. Brookfield sat for Lady Castlewood, whom Henry Esmond married when he found that he could not get Beatrix.

As the unerring decision of posterity has set George Eliot's name alongside of those of Dickens and Thackeray, in enduring worth as in perennial charm, so in this greatest of women novelists is again found that facile skill in deriving no small portion

of her "inspirations" from the actual folk she knew and studied. There are those who class *Middlemarch* with *Vanity Fair* or *Our Mutual Friend*, from the standpoint of human interest, and will pick out the precise, self-centred, scholarly Casaubon, white moles and formal phrases and all, as one of the most compelling figures in that *premier* story of English provincial life. Had he a counterpart in real life? one wonders. He did: Professor Mark Pattison, biographer of Milton and one of the most widely read men Oxford ever produced. His wife, afterwards the unfortunate Lady Dilke, a most gracious and pleasing personality, was the Dorothea in the same book, as she was also the Belinda in Rhoda Broughton's novel of the same name and the Lady Grace who figures in Mallock's *New Republic*.

Some ten years ago there was living in New York City, at the age of eighty, a writer and quaint philosopher by name Alfred Louis; a Hebrew of striking, patriarchal presence, tall and broad-shouldered, with great flowing beard. Most of his life was spent in London, where he was the friend of Dickens, Thackeray, Eliot, Charles Kingsley, and many of the other lights of the Victorian era. He was the original of Mordecai in *Daniel Deronda* and also sat for that yet greater and more convincing portrait of a Jew,—Ben Raphael in *Hypatia*. Mr. Evans, George Eliot's father, was drawn upon largely for the characters of Adam Bede and Caleb Garth; he had the extraordinary physical strength and determination of Adam together with the self-distrust of Caleb and his submissiveness in domestic relations. Her brother sat for Tom Tulliver in *The Mill on the Floss*, "hard-headed though never hard-hearted," and she drew herself in Maggie Tulliver.

Scott's originals were largely drawn from those colorful, picturesque, sharply outlined Highland people whom "The Wizard of the North" knew so intimately and loved so unswervingly. The origin of Dominie Sampson "who had won his way thro' the classics, but fallen to leeward in life's voyage," seems to belong to one George Thomson, a *protégé* of Sir Walter's, who possessed a deal of learning and some real ability, but also so large an assortment of unpleasant eccentricities as to defy the efforts of his patron to get him a living. And all the world knows that



the Rebecca of *Ivanhoe* was Rebecca Gratz, a Philadelphia Jewess. It was Washington Irving who introduced her to the author, and her story undoubtedly suggested details in that of the daughter of Isaac; she had, for instance, refused her lover on the ground of the incompatibility of their faiths and had then devoted her life to works of charity.

The romance of Lucy Ashton in *The Bride of Lammermoor* was tragically close to that of Jane Dalrymple, eldest daughter of James, Viscount Stair, of the mid-seventeenth century, who stabbed her bridegroom on their wedding night and shortly after died a grinning maniac. Meg Merrilies, close kin to Macbeth's witches, is probably based on Jean Gordon of Yetholen, a gypsy who, after the '45, sang Jacobite songs to the Carlisle mob and died of the consequences. The supposed original of Di Vernon the brilliant, dashing, beautiful mistress of Osbaldistone Hall, in *Rob Roy* was a Scotch girl named Jane Ann Cranstown. Her career may be said to have begun and ended in connection with Scott, for as a girl she had been his intimate and confidante, while her death was hastened by word of his passing. Married to an Austrian, Count Wincelhaus, before the *Waverley* series had been initiated (when Sir Walter was all England's poet and nobody's tale-teller), she had crossed to the Continent, passed through many vicissitudes with her husband during the later Napoleonic era, and had then inherited, as his widow, a mediæval castle in Styria, where with her memories she lived out another score of years. Scott sent her each of his stories, as they appeared,—saving only *Rob Roy* itself! Was he, perhaps, afraid his dear friend would find her portrait too faithfully limned?

It should be added that while Scott borrowed on all hands his raw material, the finished product cannot be called an exact portrait in any such sense as the phrase may well be used of Dickens and Eliot. And exactly the same comment is to be made of Dumas, who admittedly followed in Sir Walter's steps. D'Artagnan, for example, is his creator's own literary offspring, although it is settled beyond a doubt that the foundation lies in an historic personage, who really was killed leading his musketeers at the siege of Mastricht in 1673, as a marshal's

baton was on its way to him from King Louis. As to the three friends, Athos, Aramis, and Porthos, they appear in the *Memoirs of d'Artagnan*, recently unearthed and republished, two of them under the slightly different spelling of Aramits and Porthan. Dumas, however, had utterly changed the facts of their lives, crowding into their careers the characteristics and experiences of a score of D'Artagnan's friends alluded to in the *Memoirs*.

Coming to more modern letters, there is ever-living interest in Du Maurier's *Trilby* and speculations as to the originals of its characters. It is known that Whistler was caricatured as Joe Sibley, but the artist (as was his genial wont!) made such a riot about it that the author changed the entertaining Joe into the harmless Anthony. After this had been effected, the erratic painter cabled his congratulations to Du Maurier upon his "new and obscure friend Anthony." Joseph Rowley who died in 1908 is supposed to have been the main inspiration for Taffy. As a young man he spent some time in Paris for the purpose of learning French, and was brought into more or less intimate relations with such notable English artists as Du Maurier, Whistler, and Poynter. Physically, he was a splendid specimen of manhood and noted for prodigious strength. The prototype of the creepy, fascinating Svengali,—made, if possible, still more famous by Wilton Lackaye's stage representation,—was Louis Brasson, a famous Belgian pianist whom the author knew in Antwerp and Düsseldorf, though pure imagination greatly enhanced the dramatic importance of the original.

Everyone who loves Mark Twain recalls the "Poet Lariat" in *Innocents Abroad*. He was taken from an acquaintance of the humorist, a successful business man and farmer with a fad for poetry, who believed himself particularly inspired and able to pen immortal verse on any subject at a moment's notice. Needless to say he was suffering under a delusion. Julian F. Scott, the owner of the famous old-time "Scott's Tavern" in Morgan County, East Tennessee, has been said to have sat for Colonel Mulberry Sellers, that mixture of laughter and pathos, but Mr. Clemens himself (who ought to know) implies unmistakably that here was a life portrait of James Lampton, "my mother's favorite cousin." And Tom Sawyer is a name to conjure with.

The exact original of Tom is not known, although there are hints that he is drawn from Mark's own boyhood. The name, however, is that of an early-day's friend, a pioneer steamboat engineer, volunteer fireman and vigilante.

One closes, yielding to a temptation to become cynical. Would it be interesting or mainly disillusioning to meet and talk with the originals of our best-loved literary friends?

H. MERIAN ALLEN.

Philadelphia, Pa.

## POETRY AND THE WAR

In the beginning and through to the present it is poetry and not prose that has recorded the soul-stirring events in the life of the individual and the tribe and the nation. Because it lacks the rhythmic movement suggestive of emotional excitement and because it is primarily the medium of every-day intercourse, prose cannot express such intense feeling as can poetry. Persons without poetic gifts show their sense of the superiority of the older form by dropping into verse when they wish to be particularly effective in the expression of their emotions. This was illustrated recently in the case of a young man named Raymond, who was leaving his native town for one of the cantonments. Before his departure his friends presented him with a purse accompanied by a farewell letter, in which they wished him good luck and begged him to write to them. All this in matter-of-fact prose. But when the writer of the letter came to the heart of the message, the voicing of the sentiments of his fellows, he felt impelled to resort to verse:—

So long, Ray, our old friend,  
We will soon be with you to the end ;  
But we hope before over there you roam,  
That we will see you safe at home.

Now this is not poetry; it is not even free verse. But the writer thought it was a more emotional utterance than was possible in plain prose, and he doubtless labored over it with all the infinite pains that go according to some definitions to make up a work of genius. And I have no doubt that the aforesaid Raymond appreciated the poetical effort as much as he did the financial accompaniment.

This being so, and poetry being the natural expression of emotional excitement, we should expect a great mass of poetry as a result of the tremendous events of this war. And we know that thousands of poems have been written. Several anthologies have been collected and not a day passes on which new poems are not appearing in great numbers. But is it real poetry or only rhyming lines like those inscribed above? Mr. John Mase-

field, probably our greatest living poet, said recently that no literature was being produced to-day; that there had been neither time nor opportunity for the slow ripening of reflection on experience which is necessary for the production of literature. He would say, doubtless, that great poetry cannot be produced in the heat of the conflict, that the poet's feelings are so torn by the agony of the strife that he cannot think of them calmly or deeply, and still less can he put them into poetic speech. When one is in a rage or is overwrought by passion of any kind, one is usually inarticulate or is reduced to meaningless and promiscuous profanity. It is always later that one thinks of the scathing retort; it is only when the mind has resumed its calm that a man can convey in poetic words any idea of the feelings that were surging in his breast. The peace of mind and serenity of soul that enable the poet to hear amid the conflicting tumults of the world the still, sad music of humanity are not possible while he is an active agent in the midst of them. He cannot write poetry, one would suppose, while his ears are assailed by the roar of the guns and the groans of the dying. And yet, as a matter of fact, very excellent poetry has been written not only by men and women at home but also by soldiers actually in the front lines. How can this be?

There are several reasons. In the first place, calm reflection is not entirely dependent upon time and place. Just as Bairnsfather has drawn some of the funniest cartoons of the war from the very midst of the fighting, so many a poet has reflected calmly upon certain aspects and incidents of the war with the shells eternally screaming overhead. The soldier at the front is often more composed than his dear ones at home. Again, the poets have not attempted to envisage the whole conflict, to write, as it were, its *Iliad*. To do so would be as impossible a hundred years hence as now. No one has ever attempted to put into verse the record of the Napoleonic wars or our Civil War. The siege of Troy was a mere outpost affair compared with this war, even if it did last ten years, and it took twenty-four books for its narration. The poets have concerned themselves with what one might call their own individual sectors of the front, with what they themselves are personally interested in or what comes under their



own observation. It is some striking incident, some grim episode, some touching or appalling situation, some heroic action, some splendid sacrifice, something that never got into the dispatches or something that did,—it is such matters that have been transmuted into poetry. These incidents or situations have made an immediate appeal to the emotions of the poets and did not need the calm reflection of years in order that they might find expression in literature.

Another reason for the excellence of the poetry of this war lies in the fact that it is inspired by a great moral idea. Never before in the history of the world have the spiritual issues of a great conflict been so perfectly clear. The war of the Revolution and the Civil War, though essentially struggles for moral principles, did not so vividly and concretely present the issue as this fight against organized murder. The national sense of justice may be mightily stirred by the imposition of iniquitous taxes or the doctrine of State rights or the institution of human slavery, but it is not so profoundly moved as by the wanton slaughter of innocent men, women, and children, or by a system of destruction in violation of all the laws of God and man. Such recent wars as the Boer and the Spanish-American can hardly be said to have been moral conflicts to the extent of arousing a nation to a white heat in a holy cause. There were a great many people in England who had grave doubts as to the justice of taking up arms against the Boers, and others who condemned it as an absolute wrong. There were some Americans who questioned the conduct of the United States in declaring war on Spain, and the great mass of Americans looked upon the whole affair as a sort of punitive expedition to teach the Spaniards to remember the *Maine*. And neither nation produced any verse of a high order in celebration of its war or any of its incidents. The battle hymn of the Republic in the Spanish war seems to have been "There'll be a Hot Time in the Old Town To-night," and it about reflects the seriousness of the average citizen on that occasion. But in the present fight, from the day that Belgium was invaded, there has been a clear vision of the horror of that deed and all that it connotes, as well as an insistent demand that Germany be punished for her outrageous

crime. The progress of the struggle has but drawn more sharply the lines between the forces of evil as operative in Teutonic frightfulness and those of righteousness as embodied in the great democracies of the world. The voice of the poet is the voice of the national conscience after centuries of political freedom and moral enlightenment. It is actually the voice of God.

This poetry is therefore the product of the time and responds to the instincts and aspirations of the English and American peoples. It is the spontaneous overflow of powerful emotions, which have been born of the multitudinous experiences of this war. It covers a wide range of subjects, from the emotion inspired by the deed or the fact to a different conception of the meaning of life, death, and immortality than appears in the older poetry. It seldom tries to penetrate the mystery why this war should be,—that truly calls for the slow ripening of reflection on experience,—but it does seek to show how man responds to the awful fact of the war. It would reveal the soul in the face of the greatest catastrophe that has ever visited this earth. This being so, it is perhaps worth while to study this poetry to see wherein it is of a kind with earlier verse and wherein it strives to express things unattempted yet in prose or rhyme.

There are a goodly number of poems celebrating the heroic deed, poems that hold their own beside Tennyson's "Charge of the Light Brigade," and that record valor in battle against tremendous odds. Such is Wilfred Campbell's "Langemarck at Ypres," in which he tells in spirited verse of the resistance the Canadians made against the first gas attack of the Huns:—

Ringed round, hemmed in, and back to back  
They fought there under the dark,  
And won for Empire, God, and Right,  
At grim, red Langemarck.

Or we have Herbert Kaufman's "The Hell-Gate at Soissons," which puts into the mouth of Darino, the poet of the *Comédie Française*, the story of the twelve Englishmen who died one after the other in their effort to blow up a bridge, only the twelfth succeeding just before he was shot down. The relief of the

Twenty-first by the Guards, Conan Doyle tells in excellent verse.  
The men were hard pressed,—

Fighting alone, worn to the bone,  
But sticking it—sticking it yet.

No hope was in sight and death was all about them, when the  
Guards appeared. How they cheered them! and the Guards  
had—

A trifle of swank and dash,  
Cool as a home parade,  
Twinkle and glitter and flash,  
Flinching never a shade,  
With the shrapnel right in their face  
Doing their Hyde Park stunt,  
Keeping their swing at an easy pace,  
Arms at the trail, eyes front!  
Man, it was great to see!  
Man, it was fine to do!  
It's a cot and a hospital ward for me,  
But I'll tell 'em in Blighty, wherever I be,  
How the Guards came through.

These poems suggest many in earlier periods of our literature, Macaulay's "Horatius," Tennyson's "Revenge," Drayton's "Agincourt," speeches in Shakespeare's *Henry V*, and in sheer admiration for glorious deeds they do not differ essentially from what has already been done. It is, however, significant that whereas such poems are the characteristic product of former wars, they are not so of this war. Now it is the cause rather than the event, the moral rather than the romantic and heroic aspects of the struggle that stir the imagination of the modern poet. The romance of the old wars has gone with them. No more do we think with Othello of—

. . . the neighing steed and the shrill trump,  
The spirit-stirring drum, the ear-piercing fife,  
The royal banner, and all quality,  
Pride, pomp, and circumstance of glorious war!

It has all vanished before the armed motors, the "tanks," and the grim business of the trenches. Even the ships, which have been the glory of English wars and the inspiration of English verse, have now, after the first few weeks of accounting for the German navy, settled down to the unromantic task of keeping

the enemy under his land fortifications. It is not the battle that is celebrated in the poems on the navy, but the wearisome keeping watch through the long, dark, stormy nights, and there is very little of the old glory in that. And it is not the flagship and her splendid train that figure in these poems, but the destroyers, the trawlers, the merchantmen,—grim shapes moving about swiftly and invisibly. Here we have none of the fighting *Temeraire* that Newbolt sang, but the hazardous inconspicuous work of the merchantman's captain,—

A rough job or a tough job—he's handled two or three—  
And what or where he won't much care, nor ask what the risk may be. . . .  
For a tight place is the right place when it's wild weather at sea.  
—(C. Fox Smith's "British Merchant Service.")

Or it is the prosaic work of the mine-sweepers who have to dispose of "mines located in the fairway,"—and they do; or of the unoffending but very necessary merchantman, the poor old hooker, that may meet destruction any moment, not the romantic ship with sails full set that earlier poets sang about:—

When the waters known of old  
Death in dreadful shape may hold. . . .  
When the mine's black treachery  
Secret walks the insulted sea. . . .  
(Lest the people wait in vain  
For their cattle and their grain),  
Since Thy name is mercy, then,  
Lord, be kind to merchantmen!  
—(C. Fox Smith's "War Risks.")

It is significant that when the romantic touch is given, Admiral Drake and other old heroes are summoned to watch with the fleets through the long, dark night:—

Oh, seamen of old, the shadowy gates  
Swing wide to let you through,  
And out o'er the seas your galleons sweep  
To fight for the flag anew.  
(M. G. Meugen's "The Fleets.")

The most striking poem dealing with the ships and the most romantic is Joyce Kilmer's "The White Ships and the Red," which treats of the crime of the *Lusitania*. She goes to the

bottom all in red to join all the other dead ships, which are in white,—

. . . the ships of sorrow  
Who spend the weary night,  
Until the dawn of Judgment Day,  
Obscure and still and white.

But she went to the bottom as witness to a loathly deed, "a deed without a name," by a blow that was aimed in hell:—

When God's great voice assembles  
The fleet on Judgment Day,  
The ghosts of ruined ships will rise  
In sea and strait and bay.  
Though they have lain for ages  
Beneath the changeless flood,  
They shall be white as silver.  
But one—shall be like blood.

Instead of the romance of the shock of battle glorified in the older poetry there is now the grim, hideous carnage from shrapnel and high explosives and the dull, dirty, tiresome work in the trenches. This is something we get in no other war poetry. The verse describing No Man's Land is as different from earlier war verse as the physical conditions are different. The peculiar horror of that space of forbidden ground has been described vividly in prose and verse:—

No spoken word, no gifted pen or brush  
Of painter using pigments mixed in Hell,  
May e'er depict the horror and the hush  
That lie there when the guns have ceased their yell.  
—(W. Stonehold's "No Man's Land.")

And we have poems telling of the lacerated bodies of the still living soldiers:—

There he lies now, like a ghoulish score of him,  
Left on the field for dead:  
The ground all around is smeared with the gore of him—  
Even the leaves are red.  
The Thing that was Billy lies a-dying there,  
Writhing and a-twisting and a-crying there;  
A sickening sun grins down on him—  
Billy, the Soldier Boy!  
—(R. C. Mitchell's "He Went for a Soldier.")



Or we get the mad raving of the soldier suffering from shell shock:—

Neck-deep in mud  
He mowed and raved—  
He who had braved  
The field of blood—

And as a lad  
Just out of school  
Yelled: "April fool!"  
And laughed like mad.

—(W. W. Gibson's "Mad.")

Or the agony of the man "shattered beyond repair" who is caught in the wire and gets relief by means of his own pistol (Service's "On the Wire"). Or the grim tragedy is made more awful by the contrast of a comedy that is more tragic than tragedy:—

That was his sort.  
It didn't matter  
What we were at  
But he must chatter  
Of this and that  
His little son  
Had said and done:  
Till, as he told  
The fiftieth time  
Without a change  
How three-year-old  
Prattled a rhyme,  
They got the range  
And cut him short.

—(W. W. Gibson's "The Father.")

Is it any wonder that the poets feel like exclaiming with Hermann Hagedorn, who in "The Pyres" tells of their gathering the dead bodies to be burned and then exclaims,—

Look! How the sparks take flight!  
Stars, stars, make room!  
Smoke that was bone and blood!  
Hark! the deep roar.  
It is the souls telling God  
The Glory of WAR!

War is no longer romance; rather it is as Alter Brody calls it in "I Am War" "a pestilence sweeping the world," "a madness riding the necks of men," the death of joy and the joy of death.

And yet it is rather curious that no really first-class poems have been written about the guns or the airplanes or other distinctively modern implements of warfare that do appeal to the imagination. The prose-writers have done greater justice to them and in such fashion as really to invest them in a certain glamor. Philip Gibbs, in the *New York Times* (February 22, 1918), has the following sentences in the course of a cable dispatch, which have more suggestive value than any of the poems I have run across on this subject:—

Behind them and much farther away were the guns which have no human nature, but which in this war seem to the infantry like powers that belong to the spirit of evil, blind in their destruction, careless in their choice of victims, ruthless as the old devil gods of the world's first darkness.

It has remained for the writers of prose also to give some idea of the romance of the air. James Norman Hall's articles in the *Atlantic* on the high adventure of aviation have done more to give the spirit of that branch of the service than all the poems I have seen. The poets do not seem to be able to conceive of the airplane as a thing in itself, to enter at all into its peculiar being. They present it as a bird and in so doing they view it from the ground; they do not soar aloft in the machine. The sensation has to be caught from actual experience, perhaps, before it can be imaginatively rendered; few aviators are poets, and few poets have made flights. It is a new subject for artistic treatment and it is not to be comprehended and rendered into poetry by an observer 10,000 feet below. Perhaps the poets will be able to enter into the feelings of the aviators after these romantic adventurers have given the world a full knowledge of their experiences. There is need not only of the slow ripening of reflection on experience but of the actual experience upon which experience may ripen.

But more characteristic and distinctive of this verse as compared with earlier war poetry is its high moral seriousness. England has awakened to the meaning of the conflict; her soul has been purged as she realizes that she is fighting not merely for her very life but for the spiritual salvation of the world. Never before has the fight for civilization been on such a

stupendous scale. The petty concerns of the past sink into their proper insignificance before this terrible danger and this awful responsibility:—

The cares we hugged drop out of vision;  
Our hearts with deeper thoughts dilate.  
We step from days of sour division  
Into the grandeur of our fate.

There has been a recalling to the heritage of freedom, "which force can neither quell nor cage"; and a cry to endure goes up from the spirit of quickened England:—

Endure, O Earth! and thou, awaken,  
Purged by this dreadful winnowing-fan,  
O wronged, untamable, unshaken  
Soul of divinely suffering man!  
—(Binyon's "The Fourth of August.")

There has been in the past too much sloth, too much intellectual pride, lawless dreams, and cynic art. The captains and the dreamers and the voices that we thought were dead or dumb "arise and call us and we come":—

Therefore a Power above the State,  
The unconquerable Power, returns.  
The fire, the fire that made her great  
Once more upon her altar burns,  
Once more, redeemed and healed and whole,  
She moves to the Eternal Goal.  
—(Noyes's "The Searchlights.")

It is a summons to a religious task, and she enters upon it with the feeling of her great soldiers as they held sacred vigil on the night before the battle:—

Single-hearted, unafraid,  
Hither all thy heroes came,  
On this altar's steps were laid  
Gordon's life and Outram's fame.  
England! if thy will be yet  
By their great example set,  
Here beside thine arms to-night  
Pray that God defend the right.  
—(Newbolt's "The Vigil.")

There is a spirit of devotion to England and to God as the result of the sacredness of the cause. The splendid youth have

unquestioningly given up all things forever and for aye, which is both the glory and the pain of the country. The beauty and the pathos of the sacrifice of the Oxford boys are brought out very touchingly by Miss Letts in her exquisite "The Spires of Oxford." And the youth in dying pass their task on to their successors as a duty that is more than obedience to orders:—

Take up our quarrel with our foe!  
To you from failing hands we throw  
The torch; be yours to hold it high!  
If ye break faith with us who die  
We shall not sleep, though poppies grow  
In Flanders fields.

—(John McRae's "In Flanders Fields.")

And notwithstanding the frightful losses of the war the poet can look forward with a sublime confidence that they have not been in vain but that they have brought an actual gain in the spiritual life of the nation:—

They brought us for our dearth,  
Holiness, lacked so long, and Love and Pain.  
Honour has come back, as a king, to earth,  
And paid his subjects with a royal wage;  
And Nobleness walks in our ways again;  
And we have come into our heritage.

—(Rupert Brooke's "The Dead.")

This war has led to the extinguishing of the old animosities and the creating of new ones. The ancient enmity between England and France has, let us trust, forever vanished; and the century-old antagonism between England and America, notwithstanding the hundred years of peace, has only now given way to an alliance and a friendship based on a common moral consciousness. On the other hand, Germany has won the hostility of the world, which will be a precious possession to her, doubtless, for a very long while. Nations are notoriously slow in forgetting and forgiving wrongs they have suffered, and they both consciously and unconsciously cherish hatred, even though diplomatically all is very friendly and serene.

Admiration for the conduct of France has been expressed in much excellent verse, both English and American. The wonderful resistance to the German onslaught and the magnificence

of the French spirit when the fate of the nation seemed a matter of hours evoked the surprise and the applause of a world all too ignorant of her true worth. She had been regarded as decadent, as wholly incapable of resisting the German arms. Paris with its boulevards was in the eyes of most Englishmen and Americans the whole of France, and it gave no very noble idea of the nation's essential soul. When, therefore, France sprang to arms and stopped the German tide, the whole civilized world awoke to ecstasy its living lyres. So it is that the very name of France has thrilled the Anglo-Saxon people just as it has always thrilled its own people. As Henry Van Dyke says, the name of France is—

A name that calls on the world to share  
In the burden of sacrificial strife  
Where the cause at stake is the world's free life  
And the rule of the people everywhere,—  
A name like a vow, a name like a prayer.  
I give you *France!*

One has to go back to the enthusiasms of the youthful Wordsworth and Coleridge to find the equivalent of the present rapture for France. In both cases it is the glorious courage and patriotic exaltation of France that have stirred the English and American admiration. Just as Wordsworth felt that—

Europe at that time was thrilled with joy,  
France standing at the top of the golden hours  
And human nature seeming born again,

so to-day Grace Ellery Channing bids us—

Uncover the head and kneel—kneel down,  
A monarch passes without a crown,  
Let the proud tears fall but the heart beat high:  
The Greatest of All is passing by,  
On its endless march in the endless Plan:

"*Qui vive?*"

"The Spirit of Man."

O Spirit of Man, pass on! Advance!  
And they who lead, who hold the van?  
Kneel down!

The Flags of France.

France is the most romantic figure in the war, and she has been very happily made incarnate in the person of Joan of Arc. The



French spirit that in the shock of the Marne rose superior to years of military preparation and mere mechanical efficiency is that of the Maid who saved her nation in the hour of dire need:—

Half artist and half anchorite,  
Part siren and part Socrates,  
Her face—alluring and yet recondite—  
Smiled through her salons and academies.

Lightly she wore her double mask,  
Till sudden, at war's kindling spark,  
Her inmost self, in shining mail and casque,  
Blazed to the world her single soul—Jeanne d'Arc!  
—(Percy Mackaye's "France.")

The French can do romantic deeds with a grace that excites the admiration and envy of the world. Fancy the scene recorded in Florence Earle Coates's "Place de la Concorde" as happening in the United States or England! The speaker removed the crêpe that for forty-four years had draped the statue of Strasbourg in the Place de la Concorde:—

The mournful crêpe, gray-worn and old,  
Her proudly to disclose,  
And with a touch of tender care  
That fond emotion speaks,  
'Mid tears that none could quite command,  
Placed the tricolor in her hand,  
And kissed her on both cheeks!

Another incident equally French and equally expressive of our admiration for France is that in Charlotte Holmes Crawford's "Vive la France!" according to which the mother holds up her infant baby to the flag just after she learns that her man is dead, and sobs "*Vive la France!*"

I have found very few poems of high quality dealing with Belgium. It would seem that the horror of the civilized world was so great that it could not yet be adequately expressed in verse. One of the best poems centres its appeal upon the splendidly romantic figure of King Albert of Belgium, as he mourns his beloved country. It is Annie Chartres's "The Broken Rose":—

Albert the good, the brave, the great, thy land  
Lies at thy feet, a crushed and morient rose

Trampled and desecrated by thy foes.  
One day a greater Belgium will be born,  
But what of this dead Belgium wracked and torn?  
What of this rose flung out upon the sand? . . .  
Behold! Afar where sky and waters meet  
A white-robed figure walketh on the sea.  
(Peace goes before Him and her face is sweet).  
As once He trod the waves of Galilee  
He comes again—the tumult sinks to rest,  
The stormy waters shine beneath His feet.  
He sees the dead rose lying in the sand,  
And lifts the dead rose in His holy hand  
And lays it at his breast.

O broken rose of Belgium, thou art blest!

It is one of the pleasant facts of this war that England and America have cemented a friendship that only recently has been generally recognized and encouraged. Tennyson and others have looked forward to such a union of hearts and aims, but now the poets of both nations express not only their own private enthusiasms but the aspirations of the great mass of their countrymen. And it is a fine thing that this friendship has its bases in moral conviction rather than in mere commercial or political interests. It is very fitting, too, that the answer to the notorious Lissauer "Hymn of Hate" should be sung by an American, and she a college professor, Miss Helen Gray Cone of Hunter College. England's attitude, properly enough, is that of the Tommies, who shout over the top of the trenches to the Germans, "Sing us something comic, sing us the 'ymn of 'ate.'" This new devotion to a common cause Noyes beautifully utters in his "Princeton, May, 1917," in which he speaks of Washington's heart leaping to know that the two nations have at last been joined in one common holy purpose.

A note frequently struck in these poems, though not a new one, however, for Wordsworth also strikes it in "Peele Castle" and the "Character of the Happy Warrior," is the thought that character is swiftly and splendidly developed as the result of the agony of a great experience, that the warrior who is—

. . . doomed to go in company with Pain,  
And Fear, and Bloodshed, miserable train,  
Turns his necessity to glorious gain.

And it is not merely those who enter the actual conflict, but also those who are forced to stay at home and only stand and wait. The war brings to sudden fruition the instincts immature and purposes unsure that otherwise would have required a lifetime for development. The potentialities for good are precipitated into fixed character to the amazement of those who have watched youth in its thoughtless immaturity. So a boy revisits his old schoolmaster, who had himself been rejected as unfit, and he shows all unaware what he had become. When he was a pupil, he was weak on Greek, he showed a lack of concentration, he found life one long excuse for laughing. But now after eighteen months of strafing and being strafed he has won the "hard-earned-gift of self-dominion":—

For he had faced the awful King  
Of Shadows in that darksome valley,  
And scorned the terrors of his sting  
In many a perilous storm and sally.  
Firm in the faith that never tires  
Or thinks that man is God-forsaken,  
From war's fierce seven-times-heated fires  
He has emerged unseared, unshaken.

—(O. M.'s "Master and Pupil.")

The effect of the high endeavor of those who have fought and died upon those who remain behind we get over and over again, and in this we recall Wordsworth. Toussaint L' Overture leaves behind him—

great allies;  
Thy friends are exultations, agonies,  
And love, and man's unconquerable mind.

So Gerald C. Siordet, who was killed in action, writes a fine poem, "To the Dead," in which the beloved in addressing her lover realizes the change that has come over her as the result of his death. She imagines that in death he still walks beside her as he used to in the old, happy, foolish days,—

Only when at last by some cross-road,  
Our longer shadows, falling in the grass,  
Turn us back homeward, and the setting sun  
Shines like a golden glory round your head,  
There will be something sudden and strange in you.  
Then you will lean and look into my eyes,

And I shall see the bright wound at your side,  
 And feel the new blood flowing to my heart,  
 And I shall hear you speaking in my ear—  
 O not the old forgivable, foolish talk,  
 But flames and exultations and desires,  
 But hopes, and comprehensions, and resolves,  
 But holy, incommunicable things  
 That like immortal birds sing in my breast,  
 And springing from a fire of sacrifice,  
 Beat with bright wings about the throne of God.

Other transformations have been wrought by this war, greater than any other in history, which are due not so much to spiritual as to physical changes. War has revealed much that in the ordinary course of life never had an opportunity for its manifestation. So the clerk in Asquith's "The Volunteer" found in the war his great chance for self-expression:—

Here lies a clerk, who half his life had spent  
 Toiling at ledgers in a city grey,  
 Thinking that so his days would drift away  
 With no lance broken in life's tournament:  
 Yet ever twixt the books and his bright eyes  
 The gleaming eagles of the legions came,  
 And horsemen, charging under phantom skies,  
 Went thundering past beneath the oriflamme.

And now those waiting dreams are satisfied;  
 From twilight into spacious dawn he went;  
 His lance is broken; but he lies content  
 With that high hour, in which he lived and died.  
 And falling thus he wants no recompense,  
 Who found his battle in the last resort;  
 Nor needs he any hearse to bear him hence,  
 Who goes to join the men of Agincourt.

Here is another soldier upon whom the effect has been very different. He too had been a clerk and is now wounded between the lines. This was different, certainly,—

From selling knots of tape and reels of thread  
 And knots of tape and reels of thread and knots  
 Of tape and reels of thread and knots of tape,  
 Day in, day out, . . . till there seemed no escape  
 From everlasting service in a shop.

The change was such that he had without a quiver seen his chum Dick blown to smithereens just as Dick was returning to the trench with a plate of butter:—

Dick, proud as Punch,  
Grinning like sin, and holding up the plate—  
But he had gone on munching his dry lunch,  
Unwinking, till he swallowed the last crumb.

—(W. W. Gibson's "Between the Lines.")

Others again, in contrast to these types, had entered the war without realizing what it all meant or without ever coming to any definite idea later of its actual meaning. The blaring of martial music, pretty girls pelting the men with flowers, stirred the heart of Billy the soldier boy when he marched away, though it was—

Not very clear in the kind young heart of him  
What the fuss was about.

And when the full horror was realized in his own experience, it was—

Still not quite clear in the poor wrung heart of him  
What the fuss was about,  
See where he lies—or the ghastly part of him—  
While life is oozing out:  
There are loathsome things he sees a-crawling there;  
There are hoarse-voiced crows he hears a-calling there;  
Eager for the foul feast spread for them—  
Billy the Soldier Boy.

—(R. C. Mitchell's "He Went for a Soldier.")

The poems that touch upon religion are terribly sincere. Many of them might have been written in any age, but more are the peculiar outgrowth of our own time brought to sudden fruition by the catastrophe of the war. What one notices particularly is that man's soul is not only lifted up to God but that God is also brought down to the comprehension and love of man. God is given the attributes of Christ. He is a great comforter, a good friend, even a loving messenger. Such a poem as "Her Prayer—for Him" by Egbert Sandford, which ends with this prayer:—

On land or sea,—  
Wherever he may be,  
God, kiss my man for me,



is significant of the new religious poetry. The war is so terrible that some souls cling to God as to the one support and comfort, and they refuse to treat Him as a remote deity to be approached through the church or a ritual. Formerly, as Henry Newbolt says, we had sought God in a cloudy heaven and passed him by on earth; and it is this conception that is rejected for the idea of God incarnate in His Son. Or we have treated Him too much like a tribal deity, as the Germans do with their "Unser Gott." We have made our God too small, only big enough for ourselves and not for the whole world:—

There was a young man, a good while ago,  
Who taught that doctrine. . . but they murdered him  
Because he wished to share the Jewish God  
With other folk. —(K. W. Baker's "Unser Gott.")

We must return to "the mystic challenge of the Nazarene,"—

The deathless affirmation :—Man in God  
And God in man willing the God to be.  
—(W. S. Johnson's "Prayer for Peace.")

We must get rid of our old disbeliefs and scoffing sophistries, which seem foolish in the present stress, and pray that God may—

Grant us the single heart once more  
That mocks no sacred thing,  
The sword of Truth our fathers wore  
When thou wert Lord and King.  
—(Noyes's "A Prayer in Time of War.")

The supreme sacrifice of Christ is humanized and made a part of the great sacrifices of the war. It is not so much held up as a means by which according to the creed of the church the souls of men may be saved. The agony of Christ in the Garden and on the Cross enables the soldier to bear pain and death and the uttermost of human loss. Even in Everard Owen's "Three Hills" Calvary is so linked with the other hills that the human interest is more prominent than the religious:—

There is a hill in England,  
Green fields and a school I know,  
Where the balls fly fast in summer,  
And the whispering elm-trees grow,  
A little hill, a dear hill,  
And the playing fields below.

There is a hill in Flanders,  
Heaped with a thousand slain,  
Where the shells fly night and noontide  
And the ghosts that died in vain,—  
A little hill, a hard hill  
To the souls that died in pain.

There is a hill in Jewry,  
Three crosses pierce the sky,  
On the midmost He is dying,  
To save all those who die,—  
A little hill, a kind hill  
To souls in jeopardy.

It is significant of the new attitude towards religion that the conventional belief in immortality is almost completely absent from this verse. Immortality consists in the greatness of the work that the fallen have done so that their memory will persist to all eternity:—

They shall not grow old, as we that are left grow old,  
Age shall not weary them, nor the years condemn.  
At the going down of the sun and in the morning  
We will remember them. . . .

As the stars that shall be bright when we are dust,  
Moving in marches upon the heavenly plain;  
As the stars that are starry in the time of our darkness,  
To the end, to the end, they remain.

—(Binyon's "For the Fallen.")

"The labor and the love and the thought brought out by this war will not pass out to-night nor turn to nought, for it is embodied in all truth and right" (N. M. H.). Love is a species of immortality, not that there is any expectation of seeing the beloved in heaven, but merely that there is the knowledge that memory will live and that life has not been in vain because "we knew great love" (S. Oswald's "The Dead Soldier"). The conventional comforts of religion with their promise of meeting in heaven mean nothing to the beloved left behind. Such a cry as Browning's—

O thou soul of my soul! I shall clasp thee again,  
And with God be the rest!

is not heard here. The faith in the greatness of the cause, in the splendor of the sacrifice, and in the memory of a life that

has reached its climax in days of glorious action is a more enduring consolation than any belief in meeting in heaven. In quite a new and startling sense virtue is its own reward. The consciousness of doing the deed or dying in the attempt creates an immortality for the soldier and for those who suffer personal loss. Even the realization of what all this work means in the mass is in itself a sufficient immortality:—

And far ahead, dim trampling generations,  
Who never felt and cannot guess our pain,—  
Though history count nothing less than nations,  
And fame forget where grass has grown again—  
Shall yet remember that the world is free.  
It is enough! For this is immortality.—(R. V.)

Love of country in time of war is naturally much more intense than in time of peace. It is a love for which a great price is being paid and it is bound up with all that is dearest in life. It is associated with human objects of affection, as well as with scenes in nature made dear by association. The beauty of hill and dale, of field and flower, is lovelier because it must be given up as long as the struggle endures and perhaps forever. Nature is not loved merely for its own sake, but because it means home and country to the soldier. This beauty, too, is associated with pain in that it presents the inevitable contrast with the havoc of the battle-front. In England it is the soft benediction of September sun; at the front it is tumult and roaring of the incessant gun; and over all are the blue embracing skies (Bourdillon's "Here: and There"). Or it is in England with the cuckoo calling down in her meadows where the cowslip gleams, while at the front it is—

. . . blood and dust and smother,  
Screaming of horses, men in agony.  
—(N. M. Holland's "April in England.")

Or again it is the half-conscious babbling of the "half-stunned, half-blinded" marcher through the August heat, who repeats over and over again, "All-heal and willow-herb and meadow-sweet" (Gibson's "Retreat"). Again, this love of country is a deep, personal matter, a warm affection, like that in Rupert Brooke's "The Soldier," in which the poet-soldier thinks of

himself as conferring like a high ambassador extra-territorial sovereignty upon the spot where he will lie in death:—

If I should die, think only this of me :  
 That there's some corner of a foreign field  
 That is for ever England. There shall be  
 In that rich earth a richer dust concealed ;  
 A dust whom England bore, shaped, made aware,  
 Gave, once, her flowers to love, her ways to roam,  
 A body of England's, breathing English air,  
 Washed by her rivers, blest by suns of home.  
  
 And think this heart, all evil shed away,  
 A pulse in the eternal mind, no less  
 Gives somewhere back the thoughts by England given ;  
 Her sights and sounds ; dreams happy as her day ;  
 And laughter, learnt of friends ; and gentleness,  
 In hearts at peace, under an English heaven.

Patriotic poetry could no higher go; and it is more spiritual than anything since Wordsworth. It is a patriotism which is akin to immortality.

The humorous poem could not be wanting in any considerable body of English verse, no matter how grim the theme, since the Anglo-Saxon, as distinguished from the Teutonic type, maintains its sense of humor at all times. It is significant that the purely humorous poems have for the most part to do with what happens back of the firing-line. An anonymous poem called "Form Fours" tells of some of the difficulties of drill as experienced by an intelligent recruit, of his getting so muddled under the direction of the sergeant that his feet get hopelessly tangled:—

In my dreams the Sergeant, the Kaiser, and Kipling mix my feet,  
 Saying, "East is left, and Right is Might, and never the twain  
 shall meet!"  
 In my nightmare squad *all* files are odd, and the Fours are aw-  
 fully queer,  
 With "a pace to the left with the front foot, and one to the right  
 with the rear!" —(F. Sidgwick's "Form Fours.")

Then we have an amusing incident told by Henry Newbolt, of a young subaltern, who, while the shells were screeching and scattering past, was out with a rook-rifle to shoot a sparrow for his cat, the cat "anxiously watching his every movement." We

have also the humorous political poems parodied on "Alice in Wonderland," the "Malice in Kulturland" verses:—

The Kaiser and the Chancellor  
Were walking hand in hand ;  
They wept like anything to see  
Such lots of foreign land :  
"If this were only Germanized,"  
They said, "it *would* be grand!"

"If seven hosts of peaceful Huns  
Swept it with fire and sword,  
Do you suppose," the Kaiser said,  
"Culture could be restored?"  
"I doubt it," said the Chancellor,  
And looked a trifle bored.

—(Horace Wyatt's "The Place was Basking in the Sun.")

or—

"You are old, father William," the young man said,  
"And the end of your life is in sight ;  
Yet you're frequently patting your God on the head—  
Do you think at your age it is right?"

"In my youth," said his sire, "I established my case  
As a being apart and divine ;  
And I think if I try to keep God in His place,  
He ought to support me in mine."

When, however, the humor gets near the tragedy of the war, it takes on a sardonic cast. So R. B. Glaenzer writes on Everykid's expression, "What fun to be a soldier," with apparent playfulness till it reaches the bitter irony of the last stanza:—

God, it's fun to be a soldier! Oh it's fun, fun, fun,  
To lie out still and easy when your day's sport's done ;  
With not a thing to worry for, nor anything to hurry for ;  
Not hungry, thirsty, tired, but a hero much admired,  
Just dead, dead, dead, like Jack and Bill and Fred !  
Fun?—Sure it's fun, just the finest ever, son !

While in many respects these poems are expressive of the ideals and aspirations of England and America through the centuries, they are also the voice of much that has been struggling to reach the surface during recent years. Just as the war brought out the devotion of Belgium, the heroism of France, the barbarism of Germany, it has also revealed the moral fortitude of England and the idealism of America. If old religious be-



liefs are changed and changing, there has been no lessening of the moral strength of either nation. Holiness and truth and love are dearer, more precious for the struggle the nations are going through to preserve them. There is no need of future rewards, of the blessed immortality of the creeds, to urge men and women on to the performance of duty, the burden of which has not been equalled in the history of the race; and the burden is accepted, not with patient resignation as of a dumb beast, but with a readiness that knows no faltering, an exaltation that knows no doubt, and a determination that knows no end but victory. Such being the spirit of this poetry, and therefore of all the English-speaking nations, can we question that the gates of hell shall not prevail against it?

JAMES W. TUPPER.

Lafayette College, Pa.

## ARCHIBALD HENDERSON

In the ranks of the younger generation of authors, I see against the American background of the present day no more striking figure of international culture and literary attainment than Archibald Henderson, educator, orator, *littérateur* and historian.

Mr. Henderson is descended from ancestors distinguished since colonial days for judicial, political, and educational service to this country. This long inheritance of American blood and traditions, together with his acquirement of accurate and extended scholarship sweeping in the literature and languages, as well as the knowledge of the artistic and social aspirations, of many lands—all these combine to give him an especial fitness for understanding the men of both continents.

What the Adamses or the Beechers or the Lowells have been to the political, intellectual, and spiritual history of the North, the Henderson family has been to the South. Few American families of any section have been so prominently connected and so publicly trusted as the Hendersons.

The first of the clan recorded in this country was Thomas Henderson, a Scot whose ancestors had won honors in the Crusades. He came to Jamestown in the early years of the seventeenth century, and so was quite an established American when the *Mayflower* landed. The grandfather of Archibald Henderson's grandfather was Colonel Richard Henderson, Justice of the Superior Court of North Carolina before the Revolution. He was a man with a vision of the expanding West, and he translated some of his dreams into action. As president of the historic Transylvania Company, and with the assistance of Daniel Boone, he was primarily instrumental in opening up Kentucky and the Middle West. Noting the work of this alert and aggressive citizen (this man who convened the first legislature of free and independent citizens west of the Alleghanies), Theodore Roosevelt says in *The Winning of the West* that had it not been for Henderson and Boone, "it is most unlikely that this land would have been settled at all until after the Revolutionary War and then perhaps it might have been British soil."

Down the years the Hendersons have been lawyers and judges of marked legal acumen. Archibald Henderson's great-grandfather, for whom he was named, was pronounced by John Marshall to be unquestionably one of the very greatest lawyers of his day; and this man's brother, Leonard, was Chief Justice of the North Carolina Supreme Court. The family has also furnished numerous public officials. James Pinckney Henderson was ambassador to England and France from the Republic of Texas, and later was the first governor of the State of Texas. Another representative of the family is Charles Henderson, present governor of Alabama.

Mr. Henderson also comes from stock of scholarly and patriotic qualification. His ancestress was the famous Elizabeth Maxwell Steel, whose fervent patriotism caused her to give to General Nathanael Green, in the darkest hour of his career, all of her savings. Her son, General John Steel, was Comptroller of the United States Treasury under Washington, Adams, and Jefferson.

From both his father and mother, Archibald Henderson is descended from the famous English mathematician, Wallis, the precursor of Newton. From the Ruffins, one of the most famous families of North Carolina, on his mother's side he doubtless derived the delicacy of instinct and the refined sensibility which are conspicuous attributes of his personality. It is probable that he derives his genius for both science and letters principally through his mother's line; yet in equal measure he possesses the gifts of his father's people for weighing and judging facts and forces and individuals.

It is interesting to note the genesis of any child and trace the mysterious influences of ancestry, and also to study that still more powerful clutch of fate we call environment. Archibald Henderson was born in Salisbury, North Carolina, on June 17, 1877, his father being a distinguished member of the bar and afterward for ten years the head of the North Carolina delegation in Congress. Until he approached his 'teens, the boy did not attend any formal school, but studied at home under his grandmother. Through her skilled guidance he gained ability and avidity in reading French and English literature of noble type. Later he prepared

for college in regular boys' schools and entered the University of North Carolina at the age of seventeen. He came out with high honors at the head of his class and was at once made instructor in mathematics in his own university.

During the ensuing years, he diligently pursued his studies and gained further degrees. Indeed, he received the doctorate of philosophy from two universities, his alma mater and the University of Chicago. In 1908 he was elected to the professorship of pure mathematics in the University of North Carolina. Two years later, he went to Europe for study and creative work in Cambridge, Berlin, and Paris. At these great universities he engaged in intensive research, browsed in incomparable libraries, and foregathered with famous folk. During the space of eleven months, he made frequent contributions to leading American and foreign journals, and gave to the world five books which were published in England and America.

On June 23, 1903, he was married to a graduate and master of arts of the University of North Carolina, Miss Minna Curtis Bynum, of a family as distinguished as his own, a young woman of brilliant mind, endowed with poetic genius. Four children, beautiful in appearance and highly educated under governesses of three different nationalities, fill their home with joyousness and light.

In their charming home at Chapel Hill, with occasional flights out into the world, Mr. Henderson has found time for scientific, literary, and cultural activities that almost make us think that in his case time keeps no count of hours. Mathematical and scientific societies of America and Europe know Dr. Henderson for his learned papers in their own fields. His treatise, *The Twenty-seven Lines on the Cubic Surface*, which was published by Cambridge University, England, has been highly lauded at Oxford and Cambridge, and received encomiums from mathematicians in Denmark, Italy, and Japan.

Another side of Dr. Henderson's interests is revealed to us in his activities as an historical investigator. He ranks as an authority on the movement of westward expansion in America during the eighteenth century. His historical addresses and articles are well known to platform listeners and to magazine

readers at home and abroad. As a practical educator, he has, in the South, been sponsor of the movement for cultural advance. He has established a series of exchange lectureships among Southern universities, and he has himself gone out with his message to universities and literary associations all over the country. Recently, in recognition of such services as well as of his literary attainments, the University of the South has conferred upon him the honorary degree of Doctor of Civil Laws.

The list of learned societies to which he belongs makes an imposing catalogue. He has been president of the State Literary and Historical Association of North Carolina, of the Elisha Mitchell Scientific Society, and of the North Carolina Modern Literature Club; and vice-president and national director of the Drama League of America. He is a member of the *Circolo Matematico di Palermo*, the famous Italian mathematical society, the North Carolina Academy of Science, the Phi Beta Kappa Society, the American Historical Association, the Mississippi Valley Historical Association, the Ohio Valley Historical Association, the American-Scandinavian Society, the Society for the Advancement of Scandinavian Study, the Poetry Society of America, the Scottish Society of America, and the Authors Club of London.

The duties to be expected of a member of so many learned bodies, not to mention the work of a professor of pure mathematics, might be supposed to give scope enough for the energies of any one man. But all these things are only illustrations of the phenomenal range of Henderson's activities. It is by still another line of performance, multitudinous as well as altitudinous, that he is mostly known on both the eastern and western continents. It is as a literary critic that he has established his largest and most enduring reputation. His books of literary criticism are published in both England and America and his essays have been translated into French, German, and Scandinavian. He stands to-day as the chief literary critic of the South and in the very forefront of the critics of the nation.

Dr. Henderson is primarily interested in the evolution of humanity, through spiritual ideals as typified in great world-figures. Now there are geniuses among creators of biography, just as there are Angelos and Rodins in sculpture; and Archibald Henderson

is of those who build up human characters of heroic size and marked by living gesture and expression. He is allured by the great exponents of an epoch, the men who focus and fling out again the thoughts and feelings of their time. With a free hand and a free stroke, he moulds his figures and liberates their traits and tendencies.

In his *Interpreters of Life, and the Modern Spirit*, Henderson gathers up a half-dozen characters conspicuous on the literary horizon of the century and shows the mood and meaning of their contribution to humanity. Ibsen, Maeterlinck, Meredith, Shaw, and Wilde—how varied the personalities and the performance of these men of four races and four lands! Yet Henderson, measuring art against life, finds in them all the rush of one elemental, onward-moving expression of the new spirit brooding upon the deep of things. Of this book it was truly and graciously said in the *Mercure de France* of Paris:—

Le titre indique à quel point de vue l'auteur s'est placé pour étudier chacun de ces écrivains, et c'est avec une remarquable perspicacité qu'il analyse leur personnalité et leur oeuvre en fonction de "l'esprit moderne." . . . Ces études révèlent chez le critique une connaissance très étendue du mouvement des idées à notre époque, une lecture attentive des œuvres des écrivains qu'il examine et des littératures des principales nations européennes, et à cette érudition considérable il joint une remarquable pénétration de jugement.

This volume was hailed in France, England, and America as a piece of creative criticism, rounded and balanced, fine in evaluation and evocation; and it gave the author international standing as a critic.

Following these over-sea presentments, came Henderson's study of Mark Twain, whom he had read diligently from his youth up and had known personally. This critique, with its Hendersonian accompaniment of time, place, and history, was conceded to be a persuasive and penetrating re-creation of this philosopher and humorist seen against the background of American characteristics like a *bas-relief* carven on a granite ledge.

But Archibald Henderson's greatest biography, and one of the super-biographies of the world, is his oceanic presentation of that insurgent and cryptic personality, George Bernard Shaw. The



publication of this comprehensive work raised a shout in the literary world. It was a huge life-study of a living, changing man, a man hewn out against a background of the historic, literary, and social events of his time. It was a work of large significance not only in tracing the currents of modern thought, but also in giving the pulse and pressure of this Shavian force that is so mighty a spiritual energy for moulding human opinion. This work nailed the name of Archibald Henderson high on the pillar of literary achievement. Bernard Shaw himself said: "You are a genius, because you are somehow susceptible to the really significant and differentiating traits and utterances of your subject."

Since the appearance of his monumental biography of Bernard Shaw, Henderson has written various luminous criticisms on the drama at home and abroad. Conspicuous among his writings, for critical acumen, balanced judgment, and literary charm, are *The Changing Drama*, a study of the dramatic movements and tendencies of to-day, the elaborate monograph on Thomas Godfrey, the early American dramatist, and *European Dramatists*, which has passed through many editions. In speaking of one of the essays in *European Dramatists*, Maurice Maeterlinck wrote to Archibald Henderson: "You have written one of the most acute and most penetrating essays in the whole modern movement."

I cannot omit to say that Henderson will always be held in grateful remembrance for his loving labor in raising the funds and having erected at Raleigh a national memorial to that other North Carolina genius, "O. Henry," the famous short-story writer. For another thing, he has rendered America a service in flashing back to us from the French a translation (with his wife) of the subtle and tender appreciation of the late William James by the distinguished French philosopher, Émile Boutroux.

Versatile, vigorous, vivacious, insistent on the primal rectitudes and the eternal realities, this thinker, talker, and writer is a marvel of being and doing. His faculties are electrically quick and effective. His sympathies are genial and genuine. As a scholar, as a citizen, and as a man, Archibald Henderson is an ornament to North Carolina and an honor to America.

EDWIN MARKHAM.

Staten Island, N. Y.

## THE COMÉDIE-VAUDEVILLE OF SCRIBE

The comédies-vaudevilles of Eugène Scribe may be of interest not only to one concerned with the development of technique in the comedy of manners, but also to anyone seeking a complete and faithful picture of the bourgeoisie of the capital during the Restoration and the July Monarchy. Devoid of literary value and written in a mediocre, prosy style, these little plays have nevertheless the charm of an old album, for in them are sketched, gracefully and graciously, many of the figures that made up Parisian society during the first half of the nineteenth century.

Scribe was eminently qualified to depict the follies, the vices, and the virtues of this society. Born, like Molière and Béranger, in the heart of commercial Paris, he was a true child of the Paris of the Halles, of the Marais, and of the Faubourg Saint-Denis. The ferocious attacks made upon him by Alexandre Dumas, by Théophile Gautier, and by others of their school, show him to be a representative of that class who were anathema to the Jeune-France and their imitators. To the morbid and extravagant ideals of the Romanticists he opposed the glorification of quiet optimism; to the undisciplined marriage of love, the marriage of reason. Moreover, at a time when speculation and extravagance were rampant, he took his stand for order, industry, and economy. Despising charlatanism in all its forms, he showed that to all those who win their living and their rank in life through honest effort, happiness is sure to come.

Yet he was no preacher. His great concern was to interest and amuse his public; and with his marvelous instinct for detecting the current of popular favor, he realized, soon after becoming attached in 1820 to the newly-founded Théâtre du Gymnase as its official purveyor, that he could best attract and retain both the Chaussée-d'Antin and the Faubourg Saint-Germain by presenting light and amusing sketches of these two classes. If in many cases his inoffensive satire brought home and made harmless certain eccentricities; if occasionally the follies of the day were killed by ridicule, it was because they were held up to public view and not because they were bitterly attacked. Politi-

cal evils were not his concern. Instinctively avoiding extremes of opinion and emotion, he always preserved a moderate attitude, conservative, yet inclining to the opposition when the government steered too close to reaction. Neither did he make any effort to solve the great social questions of his day; at most, he suggested occasionally that the way of the evil-doer is hard, and then passed on to more pleasant fields.

As the successful marriage and establishment of the child was the great preoccupation of the middle-class families, as all their planning, working and saving had that for its object, Scribe, a faithful reflector of this period, if not its historian, could not refuse to marriage a predominant rôle in his theatre. One is struck by the number of plays with such titles as: *la Demoiselle à marier*, *le Mariage de raison*, *le Mariage d'inclination*, *le Mariage d'argent*, etc. In some of the earlier plays, as *les Adieux au comptoir* (1824) and *la Demoiselle à marier* (1826), he shows that devotion to the solid, material side of life which, always characteristic of the French bourgeoisie, was particularly strong at that time. A moderate fortune, honestly earned, a comfortable home and children well married, was all that an honest man should desire. The *Demoiselle à marier* is a forerunner of Labiche's *la Poudre aux yeux* and of Brieux's *les Trois Filles de M. Dupont*, showing how the efforts of the parents to make an impression upon the suitor nearly always succeed in driving him away. The importance of the dowry and the sordid, even cynical view which many people took of it, are portrayed in *la Charge à payer, ou la Mère intrigante* (1825), a play in which an ambitious mother marries her son to a girl who is unfortunately a humpback, but who has a large dot. To each objection which her son makes to this match, she replies: "Et ta charge à payer?" The brutal tone of the play makes one think of *les Corbeaux* of Henri Becque.

The first of his vaudevilles to deal directly with the money question was *le Mariage de raison* (1826), in which, while indicating his own views, Scribe undoubtedly expressed the convictions of many of his contemporaries. The comte de Bremont forbids his son to marry Suzette, a young orphan who had been fostered by Mme. de Bremont and who had been her maid, for,

although he does not deny that Suzette is a girl of natural refinement, he maintains that a marriage between her and his son can result only in the unhappiness of both. The Count, however, in order to make amends to the young girl, marries her to a kindly veteran of the Empire who had lost a leg in Napoleon's service. Suzette is assured by her husband's cousin, Mme. Pichon, that eventually she will learn to love Bertran, for, as she says, "on finit toujours par aimer le père de ses enfants." Throughout Scribe's vaudevilles appears an abhorrence of the marriage of passion, a certainty that that love is best, and the only lasting one, which grows slowly from mutual esteem and domestic joys. Passionate, overwhelming love is, at the beginning at least, not only unnecessary, but often fatal to happiness. According to the *Mariage de raison* love and marriage are two quite distinct things, one simply a passing emotion, the other a very serious matter, regulated by convention and interest, in which, indeed, love may spring from habit and continued friendship. Moreover, the wise parent will oppose a marriage between his child and one who is not his equal socially. The picture is completed in *le Mariage d'inclination*, in which Malvina Dubreuil, who has married an English adventurer secretly and against her father's wishes, is to suffer life-long misery as the result of her disobedience. Her father has picked as her husband his nephew Arved, and too late she realizes that after all it is Arved that she really loves.

A reading of these two plays makes clear why Scribe should have found such favor with the great part of the upper and middle bourgeoisie. He was defending, against the attacks of the Romanticists and against intriguers and adventurers, the solid virtues of the home, the authority of parents, and the sacredness of the marriage relation. In his plays there is no glorification of passion and guilty love; there is, indeed, no acceptance of the idea that a marriage can be a happy one when based merely upon love, no matter how pure. The prerequisites of a happy marriage are: a satisfactory dowry, good dispositions, mutual esteem, and equality of social rank and education. After marriage it is order and economy, together with the desire to help each other, that make the young couple realize the joys of domestic life.

Throughout his plays one finds pictured the sorrow that inevitably comes from infidelity, and the happiness that quiet, strong love can bring. *Le Budget d'un jeune ménage* (1831) is a lesson in domestic economy, containing good-natured criticism of those young couples whose tastes and social ambitions lead them into extravagance and cause them to live beyond their means. The same theme is found, less well developed, in an earlier play, *la Pension bourgeoise* (1823). The disastrous effects of indifference, which often leads to infidelity, are described in *la Seconde Année ou à Qui la faute?* (1830). The greatest concord, moreover, is found in those homes in which it is neither the husband's will nor the wife's caprice which rules, but where the direction and responsibility are shared. The husband should submit himself to the same moral code he would have his wife follow, for as one of the characters in *la Cour d'assises* (1829) remarks: "Quand monsieur trompe madame, madame trompe monsieur." Having in *la Seconde Année* suggested the certain results of indifference, in *Une Faute* (1830) he goes further and shows that even the most virtuous wife is subject to temptation when left alone for a great length of time, and points out that no matter what excuse there may be for proving faithless to the marriage vow, such infidelity is always punished by life-long remorse and sorrow.

As love and marriage play so important a part in the life of the middle class, Scribe, thoroughly bourgeois in taste and principles, made of them the most prominent elements in his plays. According to the laws of nature and society, marriage is the complement, or ultimate object, of love; but Scribe, although too completely imbued with the principles of bourgeois orthodoxy to maintain the contrary, firmly believed that one can exist without the other. He put reason, interest, desire for luxury, in the place of passion, and made of them motive forces which influence the choice in marriage where the heart is not consulted. At the Gymnase, love is not represented as being that paroxysm of violence and fury which consumes Hernani, Didier, and Antony, but as a quiet, gentle passion, suffering in its own modest way, perhaps, with tears, sighs, and tender effusions. Love, in Scribe's vaudevilles, unlike the love of the Romanticists, is



not, *per se*, the motive force in the action; it is always preparatory to marriage, and it is marriage which interests him and which he makes the main theme of the story. Himself the opposite of all that is romanesque, Scribe painted the world as he saw it, with its sorry realities, its prejudices, and social conventions, which he respected instead of protesting against. And while this earned for him the scorn of many idealists, he had on his side the great mass of the spectators, the parents especially, who were delighted to find an argument and a safeguard against the raptures and temptations of youth.

Second in importance only to love and marriage, in these plays, and in many ways interwoven with them, is the subject of money. Scribe paints an interesting picture of the fierce struggle for financial preëminence which characterizes the July Monarchy, accompanying the great industrial and commercial growth of France during that period; he notes the power of money as a factor in social life, and deplores the prevalence of gambling and speculation; he satirizes the *noblesse d'argent*, and, considering money a worthy object of effort, comes out strongly for the nobility of work, asserting that honest labor ennobles the worker.

A play written in the middle of the reign of Louis Philippe, *le Veau d'Or* (1841) contains the following lines: "Apprends donc, mon garçon, que de nos jours il existe peu de principes, peu de religions: il en est une cependant que tout le monde professe. Une divinité devant qui chacun se prosterne. N'as-tu pas entendu dire qu'autrefois les Juifs adoraient le Veau d'or? Eh bien, notre siècle est un peu juif, et la seule idole qu'on encense c'est l'or!" Such a statement may be somewhat extreme. It was doubtless essentially true. The bourgeois suffered from the universal weakness which makes men fawn upon those in power and upon the rich; which tempts one to cultivate the acquaintance of those wealthy in the world's possessions; and which, when once one has acquired wealth, makes him forget the friends of former days and turn to those whose wealth exceeds his own.

With his tendency toward moderation, regularity, and economy, Scribe delights in ridiculing those who through extravagance or gambling dissipate fortunes built up by hard work. It is certain



that during the July Monarchy the gambling fever reached an intensity not often surpassed in French history, and the gambler was one of the most prominent figures in the plays, not only of Scribe, but in other comedies and melodramas as well. Moreover, the great development of industry and the subsequent national prosperity soon gave rise to a passion for speculation unequalled since the days of Law. A reflection of the extravagance prevalent early in the reign of the Roi-Citoyen, and of the dishonesty occasionally discovered in high places, is found in a number of the vaudevilles, notably in *le Voyage dans l'appartement ou l'Influence des localités* (1833). The gambling evil is vividly portrayed in two plays, *l'Ecarté* (1822) and *le premier Président* (1832). In the former the card mania is lightly satirized. The gambling scenes are handled with great dexterity and with an attempt to portray life with bits of realism which anticipates the gambling scene in *la Dame aux Camélias*. Here he not only depicts the ruinous effect of gambling, but also shows that this evil has caused a deterioration in the social life, driving out the older and more refined pleasures and causing a general coarseness of manners. The *Premier Président* is a far more vigorous treatment of the theme, practically unrelieved by any comic touches. The play, which is pure melodrama, in the style of Ducange's *Trente ans, ou la Vie d'un Joueur*, sets before the audience, logically and emphatically, the fatal effects of gambling, the crime and suffering it almost invariably causes. The punishment of those corrupted by it is made as severe as possible.

Another widespread vice of the time, that of speculation, which furnished the theme for many of the comedies of the Restoration and of the July Monarchy, is taken up by Scribe in *les Actionnaires* (1829), in which, due allowance made for the forcing of tone legitimate in such a genre, there is a good picture of this frenzy for *agiotage*. The moral to be drawn from the play may be said to be that which terminates *l'Agiotage*, by Picard and Empis: "Anathème à l'agiotage! honneur et respect à l'industrie!"

The practice of declaring bankruptcy for the purpose of profiting from the results of such a procedure, an evil which furnishes the theme for Picard's *Duhautcours*, is frequently

described by Scribe. Saint-Jean, the valet in *l'Ambassadeur* (1826) says to his master, "Nous n'avons plus qu'une ressource, Monsieur, c'est de compliquer tellement l'intrigue que personne ne puisse plus s'y reconnaître; comme ces gens qui, au moment d'une liquidation, embrouillent les affaires;—c'est le seul moyen de faire les siennes."

When one remembers that Scribe was born of hard-working, thrifty parents, and that he was by nature highly endowed with the ability to make money and to keep it, one is not surprised to find such importance given to it in his plays. Moreover, had he not laid stress upon the advantages of wealth, he would not have been painting a faithful picture of French society in those days; if the dowry, if legacies, gambling, speculation, indebtedness, and bankruptcy seem to hold too often the centre of the stage, it is because those were the things about which people thought the most. There is this to be noted in his vaudevilles, as in the comedies of Picard, Empis, Mazères, and Casimer Bonjour, that the money question is treated as a real question. For while in many of his plays a lost fortune, or an inheritance, is simply one feature in the development of a complicated plot, in most of them it is presented as having a practical relation to the life of the characters. The spectators, among whom there were few who did not know the sordidness and pettiness of the constant striving for livelihood, who did not know, either by experience or hearsay the cost of a lawsuit, who did not wonder whether hard and constant labor would result some day in comparative ease, could feel the reality of this wealth which they did not possess. Or if the play portrayed figures from the upper financial world, again there was a real appeal to a large part of the audience. It is interesting to find Scribe dealing so frequently with the money question before it is treated by Balzac.

Considering the number, the suddenness, and the importance of the political changes during Scribe's lifetime, one would expect to find a very noticeable reflection of them in his plays. But when the importance of political problems, as they are presented in his vaudevilles, is compared with that of marriage, and of the money question, it is found that in spite of the pro-

found revolution of political and social life which he witnessed, he was not sufficiently moved by them to use them frequently as dramatic material. In seeking an explanation of this fact, one must remember that Scribe, always careful of the feelings of his spectators and ever mindful of the fact that to draw large audiences he must not antagonize them, preferred not to run the risk of alienating the affections of his public by attacking or ridiculing any of the political institutions or parties. This shrewd practice, together with his naturally pacific disposition, is responsible for the little interest he seemed to have in the political life of his times. He was neither a reformer nor an agitator, merely a good-natured writer trying to amuse his audiences. The very nature of his public, moreover, composed as it was of the two nobilities, those of the Chaussée-d'Antin and of the Faubourg Saint-Germain, made him avoid any extreme partisanship, for he could not have aligned himself positively with one class without losing the support of the other. He always trimmed his sails to the wind of public opinion. Legitimist during the Restoration, when the Bourbons were driven out he espoused the cause of the Orleanists, feeling, no doubt, sympathy for the bourgeois Roi-Citoyen. Even during the July Monarchy, however, his liberalism was not radical. Like the majority of his class, he was by nature conservative.

One of the earliest of his vaudevilles to show a tendency toward being a sketch of manners, *le Solliciteur* (1817), depicts that *manie des places* which was to constitute such a plague throughout the first half of the century. One finds here neither a profound study of the question nor a bitter satire against solicitors, although Scribe does from time to time attack those in power, as well as those that bend the knee to them. The satire is more definite in *la Manie des places, ou la Folie du siècle* (1828), in which he aims a more direct blow at politicians eager for power and at the office-seekers who haunt them, directing his attention also to the follies resulting from the recently introduced parliamentary régime.

The distinctions between the different classes at this time being still profound, in spite of the revolution of 1789, the dramatic author could not fail to find in these perpetual conflicts of pride

and interest material for sketches. And although very little concerned personally with questions of politics, or of strife between classes, and although he probably had no very strong or fixed convictions in such matters, Scribe realized clearly that for the comic author there was in these parties, coteries, and castes a real field for observation, keen criticism, and satire. One of the most interesting of his political pieces, *Avant, Pendant, et Après* (1828), was written just at the time when liberalism was more and more gaining ground. The play, representing the three periods 1789, 1793, and 1825, is full of irritating memories and allusions and cutting verses. The august patroness of the theatre, the Duchesse de Berry, frightened at seeing her theatre becoming a hotbed of revolution, threatened to withdraw her patronage and her name. However, to counterbalance the revolutionary tone of the play and to obtain the clemency of the authorities, the play is made to close with the following words: "Et nous, mes con-citoyens, qui après tant d'orages sommes enfin arrivés au port, et qui goûtons, à l'abri du trône et des lois, cette liberté sage et modérée que tous nos vœux appelaient depuis quarante ans, conservons-la bien; nous l'avons payée assez cher. Toujours unis, toujours d'accord, ne songeons plus au mal qu'on a fait; ne voyons que le bien qui existe, et disons tous dans la France nouvelle: 'Union et oubli.'"

While the members of the old nobility are occasionally censured or ridiculed, it is the new barons and marquises, whose name had become legion since the days of the empire, who most annoyed the honest bourgeois, and whose mania for titles is most cleverly satirized. A number of plays, notably *Mon oncle César* (1823) and *Louise ou la Réparation* (1829), contain allusions to this new nobility, and in many places assert that honest labor is the most authentic claim to nobility, and that the days are gone when one needed to be ashamed to practise an honest profession. Although Scribe usually deplored marriages between people of different social rank, in one play, *la Famille Riquebourg ou le Mariage mal assorti* (1830), the point is made that marriages between the nobility and the bourgeoisie were to be desired, as they tended to break down the barriers between the classes.

There is more frequent reference to the political features of the new régime than to its social characters. In the years between 1815 and 1830 Scribe appeared to believe that the Bourbons had brought back with them peace, justice, and progress, and had opened the era of universal concord. One of the characters in *Louise ou la Réparation* (1829), a reactionary, ironically says: "La justice est maintenant si bourgeoise, elle est pour tout le monde." After 1830, however, justice seems to have become even more bourgeois, if one may believe Scribe's frequent references to its unexampled sway.

For a more serious effort to treat political problems, one must turn to some of his five-act comedies, such as *Bertrand et Raton*, *la Calomnie*, and *le Verre d'eau*. But certain of his vaudevilles, notably *la Manie des places*, *ou la Folie du siècle*, *le Solliciteur*, *ou l'Art d'obtenir des places*, *Avant, Pendant et Après*, are sketches which prepare the way for the more pretentious plays.

A reading of Scribe's vaudevilles will give one a good picture of the social life of Paris during the first half of the century, depicting as they do the essential qualities of the bourgeois, the part played in the social order by the military, charlatanism in its various forms, the so-called *mal du siècle* and other features of those days. To one interested in the social history of France at this period these little plays are more instructive than might be thought, forming, as they do, a series of sketches whose faithfulness is attested by other comedies of the time, by the journals, and by writers of memoirs.

By following the French bourgeois through the forty-odd years in which Scribe was putting him upon the stage we find him to be a simple, practical man, satisfied with the pleasures of home and shop and street; prosaic and unimaginative until his common-sense and mental balance are temporarily disturbed by too much reading of that "*littérature cadavéreuse*" which flourished for a time; a good friend and kind husband, putting family before all else and proud of his profession because it enabled him to make his family happy. We see him bewildered for a moment by the excesses of the Jeune-France, but find him quickly regaining his former placidity. Tempted by the opportunities presented by the new régime, he occasionally resorts

to charlatanism and deceit in order to reach his goal. At times he is not above seeking advancement through the beauty and charms of his wife. For a number of years after the fall of Napoleon he looks upon the soldier as the most heroic figure in the country and surrounds him with a tradition of chivalry and valor that falls away only when the nation turns itself wholly to the worship of money. In his leisure moments he visits and passes judgment upon the Vaudeville, the Gymnase, and even the Comédie and the Opéra; if not always profound, his criticisms are most often shrewd and just, for he is quick to detect affectation and artificiality.

When one has thus followed the French family and French society through this period, one realizes that Scribe's comédies-vaudevilles are something more than mere exhibitions of technical virtuosity; that there is something more than a juggling of difficult situations and more than prodigious dexterity in taking care of these situations. The story of an interesting people is always interesting, and these plays help not a little in outlining and coloring a picture of those times.

NEIL C. ARVIN.

The Rice Institute, Houston, Texas.



## LORD MORLEY'S RECOLLECTIONS

The publication of Lord Morley's *Recollections* is an event that in ordinary times would justify the considerable comment it has evoked, but under present conditions it has an importance far beyond its literary or historical significance. This importance is due to the fact that Lord Morley was one of the two members of the British Cabinet who, in 1914, resigned as a protest against England's entry into the war. He says in his preface that he has never regretted that step, and he further says: "The world's black catastrophe in your new age is hardly a proved and shining victory over the principles and policies of the age before it." This implies a belief on his part that England's participation in the war was wrong, that the present generation is wholly responsible for the strife, and that, as it is a more terrible struggle than any that has ever preceded it, we are so much the worse in morality and wisdom than any previous age.

Such an indictment of the contemporary world may well give pause, and justify a consideration of the extent to which it is warranted; for surely a calamity so great as the present horror that is convulsing western civilization should sober us sufficiently to make us acknowledge our sins and refrain from them in the future.

Lord Morley's words receive attention because he has to his credit achievements in both literature and politics. As a man of letters he is known as the scholarly biographer of Rousseau, Burke, Cobden, and Gladstone; as a writer on Voltaire, Cromwell, Machiavelli; and as the editor who conducted *The Fortnightly Review* when it was the chief outlet for the rationalistic doctrines of Huxley, Spencer, and other apostles of evolution. In politics he has been prominently identified with several of the most important and difficult questions that have confronted the British Government during the last half century. As a parliamentary supporter of Gladstone, and later as Chief Secretary for Ireland, he fought for Home Rule, and advocated a policy the wisdom of which is now generally recognized. Later, as Secretary of State

for India, he pursued a firm but liberal course in the government of that troublesome dependency, and it may be that England is partly indebted to him for the fact that Germany has been unable to stir up serious disaffection among the Hindoos. He also took a firm stand against the Boer War, and he participated, as a member of the cabinet, in framing the generous policy towards South Africa which has proved so signally triumphant by transforming in a decade the bitterly hostile Boers into loyal and enthusiastic allies. Besides this, it fell to his lot to lead the fight in the House of Lords for the modification of the veto power of that body, and in that way to stand before the public for the last time as a foremost champion of an enlightened political policy.

He has been more prominent as a politician than as a writer, but the key to his character is to be found in his writings rather than in his acts as a public man. This is natural, for in politics all sorts of invisible forces are at work to influence a man's action, to justify his apparent inconsistencies in some cases, and in others to make seemingly courageous and far-sighted policies merely the reaction to prejudice and self-interest. Any extensive amount of writing, on the other hand, betrays a man's character clearly. Even Shakespeare, Homer, and Scott, the standard examples of objective authorship, by their very objectivity, reveal much else besides the fact that they were not self-centred; and a man like Lord Morley, whose work is the direct expression of his own opinion, shows plainly the powers and limitations of his personality.

His success in literature has not been unqualified, and his fame does not promise to be permanent. He possessed a virtue which, although valuable, and perhaps essential to all real success, is at a rather high premium in a materialistic and meticulous age like the present. This virtue is industry, and he displayed it in rather large measure. His cold nature makes him shun personal revelations, and we learn little of his private life from his *Recollections*. He mentions at some length the death of a dog, but his wife only appears a few times in momentary allusions, and usually she is disguised by being indicated only by an initial. In spite of his reticence, however, it is clear that in his early and obscure days he laid the foundation for his

future prominence chiefly by his industry. If he did not display that infinite capacity for taking pains which some declare to be genius, he certainly did exhibit an unremitting industry which has enabled him to attain to distinction worthy of genius by the exercise of what is at best talent. A friend of his is authority for the statement that, when as plain John Morley he came to London in the early sixties to seek his fortune, he submitted an article every day for a year to a certain newspaper before one was accepted; and the persistent application this indicates has enabled him to produce a large amount of writing, and to impart to it a thoroughness and accuracy which is its chief virtue.

There are very obvious defects in his writing. He seems to lack many of the qualities of the born author, and industry cannot make up for defective natural equipment. He is lacking in instinctive command of language and intuitive sense of what is idiomatic, so that what he says is without spontaneity. In his earlier days he seems to have written more slowly or more carefully than he did after politics began to make such demands on his time, for in such works as his *Rousseau* his language is always accurate, and sometimes even felicitous. There is a suggestion of Gibbon's impressive sweep to some of his periods, but the resemblance is very superficial; for the momentum of the *Decline and Fall* is missing, and we get instead only the movement without the force. Even at his best, however, his style has serious shortcomings. He is given to the solemn asseveration of the platitudinous, the pedantic, and the insignificant. He says of George Meredith: "I interested him in Lessing's *Nathan der Weise*, with its famous apologue of the three rings, borrowed from Boccaccio, who borrowed it from earlier people." There may be some justification for thus dragging in the sources of Lessing's play, but it suggests pedantry, as do numberless similar passages in his works. Of Lord Acton he says: "He was sometimes fatally addicted to the oblique and allusive"; and with equal truth he might have applied the same criticism to himself. He constantly uses such expressions as, "a greater person in a later time," and similar vague or indirect references which, if they don't puzzle the reader, irritate him at what seems a stilted and involved manner of speaking. Then he has

a way of deviating from the normal order that at times makes more than one reading necessary to get his meaning, especially if, as is frequently the case, an important word may be either verb or noun. He also applies syncopation to sentences rather freely. "Disraeli," he says, "intended what was on his lips the highest of all compliments." Elsewhere he writes: "I soon found my official feet, and kept a clear head and free from fuss." Besides this he indulges in other liberties. He speaks of "cheerfullness of accost"; he constantly uses "feel" where the normal word would be "feeling," and numerous other instances could be cited of petty faults into which no man with the born writer's instinct for language would ever fall.

To note things like this may seem what Hazlitt called "ultra crepidarian" criticism, the kind Macaulay indulged in when he objected to Croker's saying "mutual" instead of "common" friends, and faults that it is a worse crime to carp at than to commit. They are not mentioned, however, as violations of formal grammar or rhetoric, but because they are ineffective expressions, and to be ineffective is the chief offence a writer can commit.

Though these defects show that he has not the born writer's instinct for effective speech, he has yet more serious shortcomings. His work is never organic; it is always mechanical. However industriously his matter may be assembled, however carefully it may be arranged, it is never fused into unity. His details do not supplement and reinforce each other; they do not have cumulative effect, and we can see that his mind is not fixed on underlying principles, but is mainly concerned with cataloguing facts, even though the facts be less concrete circumstances than the records of general or individual opinion. His figures are artificial, the result of ratiocination rather than energy of feeling; and as his mind lacks warmth, and as he is without humor, what he writes gives the impression of being a sort of literary book-keeping. Yet it is not the simple single-entry system that Boswell inveighed against in his *Life of Johnson*, where he says that he doesn't intend to write a conventional biography beginning with his hero's birth and ending with his funeral. Lord Morley's works are much more complicated than that, for their

matter is not arranged according to a simple or obvious scheme. His biographies are nominally chronological, but they do not give a connected, to say nothing of a complete, picture of their subject. An immense amount of insignificant, if not irrelevant, detail and comment weighs most of them down, and they read like a combination of a government report and a theological discussion. His *Life of Gladstone* has readable passages; but that is mainly because the events dealt with are interesting to this generation, not because they are well recorded. He had no power of artistic elimination and combination, and it is not too much to say that a far clearer idea of Gladstone could have been given by a more gifted writer in one tenth the space, and with one hundredth part of the citations from diaries, letters, etc., with which he cumbers his pages and tries his reader's patience.

A circumstance that throws light on the reason for this lifelessness in his writings is the well-known fact that his work on Rousseau received quite as much notice from its author's habit of spelling *God* without a capital as it did from anything else. Later he departed from this practice and returned to the conventional capital; but this meant no increased respect for the Deity, for he also capitalized *sin*. This indicates his creed. He is a positivist. He accepts nothing which is not logically demonstrable. In politics he had to surrender this creed, for he says, referring to political practice, including his own: "So little evidence goes such a long way when your mind is made up, and circumstances are calling for decision and act." It was his creed, however; and, as has been said of liberalism, it is a state of mind rather than a creed, and it is a state of mind that imposes more limitations than powers. Certainly it is a state of mind unfavorable to the creation of inspiring or permanent literature. A Lucretius or a Voltaire, enthusiastic to destroy the creeds whose outward falsity they could see but whose animating principle was too subtle for their matter-of-fact minds, could produce literature of permanent interest and wide temporary appeal, because they put feeling into it; but Lord Morley has no feeling. When he was Chief Secretary for Ireland he went to see some Irish members of Parliament who



were in jail for political offences, and he reflects on their situation thus: "All through the glories of summer they will be in their narrow cells." This is about as strong an expression of feeling as will be found in his entire works, and it is not very strong; for he is only impressed by the discomforts and inconveniences involved, not at all by the injustice, which is the thing that would stir a less clammy temperament. He says of Burke, as if it were a defect, "The thought of wrong or misery moved him less to pity for the victim than to anger against the cause." To the unimaginative positivist the cause is not so important as the concrete results, but to the less materialistic Burke the power of the cause to produce the same sort of misery in other victims was evident, and it was his deeper and more comprehensive sympathy that made him direct his wrath against the cause, to indicate that his pity extended to the sufferers he didn't see as well as to those before his eyes.

This inability to be moved by more than the superficial facts explains why Lord Morley's works are static rather than dynamic, and therefore lacking in energy, which Matthew Arnold says is the chief element in genius. It also explains why he should emit such a remarkable judgment as the one that, because the war is taking place now, those participating in it must be responsible for it. It would seem that a student of history and a man of long political experience would realize that great upheavals in society have a multitude of causes that stretch back into the remote past. As well might we blame a man for the epilepsy or madness derived from the weakness or dissipation of his ancestors as blame ourselves entirely for this war. It is largely our heritage resulting from the bad government and reckless philosophizing of the past. Perhaps we might have avoided its full horrors by a more discreet and temperate course than has been ours, but to do that we should have had to depart from the practices and to overcome the tendencies of our fathers and grandfathers; and that is a task few generations accomplish, even though they be schooled by such terrible lessons as those taught by the slaughter and destruction now raging in Europe.

The assumption that the present age is solely responsible for the war is certainly the result of superficial thinking, but in Lord



Morley's case it shows something more than that. It does so because the philosophy he did so much to popularize, the cocksure materialism of those who called themselves disciples of Darwin,—Huxley, Spencer, Tyndall, and others,—is the basis of the thought that is guiding Germany to-day. Lord Morley says himself that Spencer's light has grown strangely dim since he died; and so it has, and so has Huxley's and even Darwin's, but their ideas and methods have been adopted in Germany and pursued with infinite thoroughness and relentless mechanical logic to generate that minotaur-like monster, *Kultur*, whose other parent is the child of German sentimentality and romantic egoism. And this brings out the most important point that Lord Morley's attitude towards the war illustrates, and that his Recollections confirm. It is, that *intellectual affinities, if not suppressed by the forces of environment and immediate personal interests, are stronger bonds of union than political or racial ties*. For what is this war ultimately? It is plainly the recurrence of the perennial struggle that takes place in the breast of every individual, and has flamed out countless times in human society. The Greeks symbolized it by the Battle of the Gods and the Titans, and Milton's *Paradise Lost* is a more spiritualized picture of the same thing. In the individual it is the rising up of the passions to overpower reason and the moral sense; in society it is materialism struggling to cast out idealism. Admit, as we must, the taint of materialism in ourselves, and that materialistic impulses stimulate the Allies as well as the Germans, it still remains true that Germany's aims and convictions are far more grossly and unqualifiedly material than those of the peoples opposed to her. Consequently we have materialists everywhere, consciously or unconsciously, covertly or openly, giving Germany support. We have the Bolsheviki in Russia; we have anarchists in Italy; we have radicals in England and France; we have socialists in the United States; we have fatuous, selfish, and indifferent pacifists everywhere, but all are united by the common bond of materialism, by a desire only for ease and luxury, and by an insensibility to all things of the spirit. Of these also is Lord Morley. The monstrous wrong done to Belgium did not stir his cold spirit even to pity for the victims, to say nothing of anger

such as would have risen in the chivalrous breast of Burke at an action whose numberless potential victims his sympathetic imagination would have enabled him to perceive. It is true that Lord Morley resigned before any Belgian atrocities had been committed; but he says that he has never regretted his course, which suggests a complacent attitude on his part, and a disposition to condone Germany's action that is difficult to explain except as the evidence of unconscious sympathy. The avowed liberal would seem to be hopelessly at odds with the exponents of autocracy; but extremes meet, and for all their irreconcilable differences in social and political theory, Lord Morley and the exponents of Kultur are united by something much more fundamental, namely, their common faith in rationalistic materialism.

SIDNEY GUNN.

U. S. Naval Academy.

## THE ANGELICAL DOCTOR OF SEWANEE

"The unrhetical character of his theological audacity (without any fireworks he can take the reader's breath away) and the exceptional thoroughness with which he pursues his leading thoughts to the end"—such is J. K. Mozley's characterization of Dr. William Porcher DuBose's Paulinism shot through with Aristotle and bathed in the atmosphere of temperamental Platonism.

When Dr. DuBose yielded up his spirit on August 18, 1918, the Christian world lost the bodily presence of a saint, and Christian theology was bereft of a seer, though his works live after him. Few "took the trouble to understand" him, as he himself used to say. And no wonder: those closely-knit sentences of his seemed like cloud-banks. But there was always lightning playing amidst the clouds. The reader saw the lambent play of electric fire. Hearing no reverberating thunder he might easily think that the misty masses held no force. The lightning was far off from most of us: we saw only its reflection on the horizon. Nevertheless, no serious reader of, say, the *Soteriology of the New Testament* could read it slowly twice—and a great book deserves such treatment as a mere minimum—and fail to face life differently. The far-off beneficent shower has purified the atmosphere. Just so it was with Dr. DuBose's personality. Few knew him well: no one who had met him even casually ever forgot the spiritual presence he had.

In a brief notice like this we cannot hope to characterize successfully Dr. DuBose's message to his age; but we may at least do something to incite a few to persevere in an effort to insinuate themselves into the current of the great soteriologist's thought. For, after all, the worthwhile writers on the doctrine of Salvation are few indeed, and Dr. DuBose's "theological audacity" should become the theological courage of the Church.

First of all, he tried to be a psychologist of the spirit. He saw that Salvation is a process with its own wonderful organic logic, the logic of faith and love and hope, of "righteousness, holiness and life." To him each succeeding stage of spiritual development summed up, applied and carried further and ful-

filled each preceding stage. Like Bergson's Vital Surge, spiritual Life at each moment carries with it all the victories and treasures of the past. And so there is a wonderful Continuity: the End is implicit in the Beginning; the End fulfills all the spiritual purposes and aspirations of all the stages leading to it. Dr. DuBose had nothing to learn from the philosophy of evolution.

His greatest theological *bête noire* was Docetism in all its multifarious forms, including the most "pious." At bottom Docetism makes Christ unreal by stripping His actual humanity from Him. Our theologian had the scientific spirit: he knew that one's theory of God necessarily depended on one's philosophy of man. Hence his insistence on Spiritual Psychology. Make man's real Self great enough; penetrate to the bottom of the saying attributed to Christ, "The scripture saith, Ye are gods," and then one begins to look in the right direction for God: neither at mere Power nor at mere Feeling. Out of Power one may manufacture the Unknowable or some form of the Prussian Junker's "Gott." Out of feeling and sentiment, Mr. H. G. Wells's "good-fellow" God may be arrived at. But the human stuff of Dr. DuBose's God-conception is the upper limit of "Holiness, Righteousness and Life" as seen in the Perfect Man, who *is* God just because *nature* does not make perfect men, and because the Work He did once, and does now, is Perfect Work, Redemptive, Reconciling, Vitalizing. Therefore, since the perfection of human nature is all we know of God, and since it is Divine *function* that constitutes Divinity; and since Jesus performed *the* Divine redemptive function for and in humanity, therefore He was God in the concrete, and shall be so subjectively to each of us in proportion as His Spirit, Holy Spirit, dwells in us.

Whatever the noble audacity of Dr. DuBose's theology, those of us who have soaked ourselves in his thought believe that it is but the reflex of the revelation of Him that came to cast fire upon the earth, and furthermore, that the "audacity" is balanced by the conservatism of the faith once delivered to the saints, and destined to be passed on as a living torch, not a fossil staff. For after all, Dr. DuBose's dominant conceptions are those of

St. Paul: the Adoption of Sons, Justification by Faith, the Indwelling Christ, the Revealing Consummation. Although most of the popular theology of the day tends to emphasize the Incarnation on the one hand, or the Ethics of Jesus on the other, Dr. DuBose puts the Cross in the centre, where the New Testament, especially its greatest thinker, St. Paul, puts it. To the Sewanee theologian, as to St. Mark the earliest Gospel writer and St. Paul the prevailing theologian of apostolic times, Jesus Himself is more important than even his life-giving words. In lieu of further imperfect characterization of our saintly theologian let us allow him to speak for himself. The brief excerpts that follow are taken from the second edition of the *Soteriology of the New Testament* (Longmans, Green and Company, 1906), and are given in the sequence of the book:—

"I have held and hold that His human holiness, as described in the Gospel and interpreted in the Epistles, is not a mere *fact* but an *act*,—of course a lifelong act on His part. The New Testament describes human nature not as having been sanctified *for* Him but as being sanctified *by* Him. He Himself in it is humanly the author of its sanctification, redemption, resurrection, and eternal life" (xii).

"The only essential and permanent miracles of our Lord—if miracles they ought to be called—are those of His person and of His proper work in raising humanity, in Himself and in His Church, from what it was through the Fall to what it has become by His resurrection" (288).

". . . . The life and death of Jesus Christ contained in it the truth of . . . all the sacrifices and offerings of the Jewish law.

"He was the perfect *sin offering* in that His death, by which I mean not only His physical death, but the whole death of His active and passive obedience, combined and concentrated in itself all the elements of . . . the death of the flesh for sin and of the spirit from sin.

"He was the perfect *burnt offering* in that His life and death was one act of perfect self-consecration, devotion, and service. He laid Himself wholly upon the altar of obedience to God, and was wholly consumed in accomplishing His Father's will.

"He was the perfect *peace offering*, because in him was realized a perfect human oneness—of spirit, nature, and life—a perfect spiritual union and communion, with God.

"And our Lord was not only these three, but the three in this order. It was only through His perfect self-sacrifice, or crucifixion of the flesh that He was perfect righteousness or obedience, and perfect holiness or spiritual oneness with God" (326 f.).

"To each one of us, and into each one of us, He personally brings the full meaning, spirit, power, and realization of all that He has Himself done and become. In each of us He re-enacts His whole incarnation, saving work, and heavenly exaltation. He so identifies Himself with us, and us with Himself, that, in His grace and our answering faith, all that is true of Him is true of us. In Him *we* are dead, risen, ascended, completed, blessed with *all* spiritual blessings in the heavenly places. Objectively, all this is true of us *already*; as subjectively it *shall be* true in us" (337 f.).

"Because Christ's act has made us sons prior to any act on our part, even our faith; God, through our faith coming after and accepting the grace of God and the fact of our sonship, sheds abroad in our hearts the spirit of His Son and of sons. We love Him because he loved us, not *vice versa*. The fact of sonship precedes and produces the affection of sons, not the affection the fact" (365).

Truly, upon the waters of the spirit of this man brooded the Spirit of God!

THOMAS PEARCE BAILEY.

University of the South.



## BOOK REVIEWS

RELIGION: ITS PROPHETS AND FALSE PROPHETS. By James Bishop Thomas. New York: The Macmillan Company. Price, \$1.50.

Friedrich Naumann, author of *Mitteleuropa* and member of the Reichstag, was in his earlier phase a Christian Socialist. On the way to Nazareth this modern man, like Saul of Tarsus, had a vision of Jesus; but, unlike Saul, his vision was a disillusionment. Naumann awoke to the tragic realization that the Jesus whom he had been preaching with such earnestness never existed, or could have existed in such a land as Palestine. He returned to Germany, abandoned his pulpit, and fell back upon a merely personal Christianity. How Naumann the pastor became Naumann the author of a pan-German textbook is one of the spiritual tragedies of our question.

Professor Thomas was a student in Germany when this leader of the Evangelical Social Congress announced his conversion. Was it true that Jesus was not a man of the people, that his Gospel contained no message for the modern social movement, and that the religion He taught was merely personal salvation? Such was the question forced upon this American student twenty years ago. His answer is this scholarly book, which is an illuminating review of religion from the early Semites to our own day. Jesus is something more than a "beautiful Spirit, but an impractical leader," Professor Thomas finds; He is a divine authority in social and political matters, the revealer of an absolute ethic and religion. The book is a constructive contribution to modern thought concerning the most searching problems of Christianity and religious life.

Our author divides religion into two types: the prophetic and the exploiting. Exploiting religion finds expression in priesthood. True religion reaches its highest level in Christ's conception of the Kingdom of God. Jesus found the idea of the Kingdom of God already well developed in the prophets of Israel. He expanded and deepened it until it became the community of mankind organized for the benefit of all according to the Divine programme. As the full realization of the religion of the insurgent

prophecy, the religion of Christ is the militant foe of exploiting priestly rule and the partisan of all the exploited and oppressed.

The prophetic religion of Jesus became an exploiting ecclesiasticism flourishing in His name. This came about when the Church gave the sanction of ecclesiastical authority to the ancient sacrificial principle of the priestly code, which had been attacked by all the prophets and Jesus Himself. The sacraments were made the central feature of a soteriological cult. This virtual suppression of the Gospel of its Founder was completed by the Church even before the days of Constantine. The transformation began with Peter, who founded after the death of Jesus a special Apocalyptic-Messianic cult which sought to live at peace within the Jewish national cult, against which Jesus had begun a campaign of eradication. Paul, on the other hand, rejected the narrow particularism of Judaism and preached an expansive and progressive Gospel. But even with Paul his early rabbinism with its doctrine of predestination had a stronger deterring influence than the prophetic literature of his race and the prophetic career of his Master. Paul's influence has been overemphasized by modern students of Christianity. He never grasped Christ's conception of a universal redeemed community coextensive with mankind and living a normal life here upon earth. Paul accepted the current assumption that mankind was inevitably lost without some kind of miraculous intervention, and consequently found himself in harmony with the programme of the Mystery Cults. Jesus never intended to found a new cult with Himself as the centre. The Church, as the Fourth Gospel particularly shows, ran right into the danger and conceived of Jesus as the cult-God.

The cult early developed a clerical caste which, like the Jewish priesthood, became exploiters. Men of wealth and members of the nobility came to have a prior claim upon the higher ecclesiastical offices. By the time of Cyprian the Church was completely separated from the mind and programme of Jesus. The Body of Christ had become a rigid ecclesiasticism, handed over to the very hierarchical system which the prophets and Jesus had given their lives to combat. It was now possible to be a good Catholic and a false Christian. It is the contention of Professor Thomas that even before the alliance with the State

the Christian Church, trustee of the religion of insurgent prophecy, militant foe of every exploiting priestly rule, had strangled and suppressed the Gospel of its Founder. At one stroke the Church deified its Lord and disobeyed Him. From the days of Constantine "shameless exploitation strode forward with splendid mien." "It has been the prevailing heresy of the Christian ages that God wishes to be worshipped by means of things instead of by the establishing of the Beloved Community which shall extend the principles of the divine life and love to all the children of God."

After an illuminating review of the insurgent prophets who from time to time have protested against exploitation and attempted to recall the Church to the purpose of Christ, Professor Thomas concludes his study with a chapter on the recovery of a lost Christianity. The world is reaping in this war the fruits of the leadership of false Messiahs. The hour of the Kingdom has again struck. Will mankind repudiate its false Messiahs, its demi-gods, its Mammon? Will it heed the Message of the true Messiah, the Son of Man? Jesus preached but one sermon—He had but one theme: The Kingdom of God,—the way and the means of its coming. Collective humanity under God must now remould the scheme of things entire nearer to the heart of the suffering Son of Man—nearer to the heart and mind of the Universal God and Father of all Souls.

The heart of this book is its comprehensive answer to the all-important question, What is Christianity? Its suggestive study of apocalypticism, its incisive criticism of the sources of the New Testament, its illuminating generalization of historic movements and fine characterization of great insurgents are all directed to that one end. And what more vital question is there to-day? A leading Christian nation which in the past has served the Christ as no other has turned apostate; its apostasy consists in its denial of the applicability of the kingdom of God to the state. Other Christian nations, servants of the same Christ, have taken the sword to resist the Apostate. Out of such an anomalous situation spring questions that search the heart and minds of thoughtful men and women through and through. What is the religion of Christ? Where to be found? In these warring ecclesiasticisms,

in the teaching of Paul, in the teaching of the Fourth Gospel? Or is Christ's mind found revealed in the Synoptic Gospels? If there, are those principles applicable to society, or must we fall back upon the theory of the interim ethic? Such questions, once academic, press hard upon the thinking man in the street to-day. In Professor Thomas's book he will find his questions fearlessly faced, honestly and intelligently discussed, met with sympathy and insight, with learning and candor. It strikes me as the most radical book written by an American Churchman. But this is a time when one is impatient with any writer who does not try to get at the roots of things. Professor Thomas is no iconoclast, but he is a builder of a better theological and social order, one that is in harmony with the mind of Christ and the needs of man.

J. HOWARD MELISH.

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THE GOD OF VENGEANCE. By Sholom Ash. Boston, Mass.: The Stratford Company. Price, \$1.00 net.

The stories and plays of Sholom Ash form strikingly realistic contributions to the Yiddish literary revival inaugurated by such men as Abramovitch, Rabinovitch, and Peretz. In the hands of these forerunners, the long-despised Yiddish vernacular began to reveal theretofore unsuspected values in tone-color, idiom, and melodic connotations. Ash is their lineal inheritor and, like them, has drunk deeply not only in Jewish sources, but also in the lavish fountains of the Slavic literatures, so that his works (best known among which are *Meri*, *The Road to Self*, *Mottke the Vagabond*, *The Sinner*, and the present drama) are instinct alike with the stoic, melancholy realism and the mystical, pensive beauty of the Russian masters.

In *The God of Vengeance*, admirably translated into English by Dr. Isaac Goldberg, and frequently presented since 1910 upon European stages, Ash develops through three cumulatively tragic acts the inevitable spiritual ruin overtaking Yekel Tchaftchovitch, the middle-aged, coarse, yet not ungenial owner of a Russian brothel, who loves intensely his daughter Rifkele, supporting her in carefully guarded purity on the proceeds of the impurity of others. Her mother, Sarah, was formerly a daughter of joy, and most of the other characters are in Yekel's

professional employment. Yekel secures from a pious scribe a copy of the Holy Scroll (the Scriptures of the Pentateuch) to place in Rifkele's room as a talisman against threatened evil. His superstitious awe of the Scroll and his unselfish affection for Rifkele are all that redeem him from utter callousness. "But they say," declares Reizel to Hindel, both of them inmates of the cellar-brothel, and somewhat reminiscent of the Girls in *Pippa Passes*, "that you mustn't read from such a Holy Scroll, and that the daughters of such mothers become what the mothers themselves were . . . that something draws them on like a magnet, and that the Evil Spirit drags them down into the mire. . . ."

And so it proves with Rifkele, in a dénouement of great pity and horror, not unmingled with memorable symbolisms.

GEORGE HERBERT CLARKE.

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JEWISH THEOLOGY SYSTEMATICALLY CONSIDERED. By Dr. K. Kohler, President Hebrew Union College. New York: The Macmillan Company. 1918. 492 pp.

One of the most important fruits of modern biblical scholarship is the recognition of the fact that the prophets of ancient Israel were the exponents not of a narrow national cult but of a universal religion based on the fact of essential human solidarity and involving a mission of reconciliation whereby the whole human race should be brought to vital relationship with the Divine Father from whom it was estranged. It is of the genius of what is known as Judaism to maintain this prophetic vision and especially to stimulate the Jews themselves to confidence in and loyalty to their sense of mission. This is the spirit of the present work on Jewish theology. The book itself is directed first of all to the Jew that he may be kept loyal to his spiritual heritage. Secondly it is intended for the student of religions, to present to him the truths of universal religion and to show how far the profoundest type of Judaism has embodied its essentials. The student of theology and of Biblical interpretation cannot fail to profit from a careful study of Dr. Kohler's contribution. That Dr. Kohler should completely succeed in doing justice to the universal religion embodied in the most enlightened type of Christianity would be expecting too

much in the present stage of religious transition. A study of his scholarly work will enable many Christians to get a truer insight into the depths of the real Jewish religion and of its close affinity with the universal type of Christianity.

JAMES BISHOP THOMAS.

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THE THEORY AND PRACTICE OF MYSTICISM. By Charles Morris Addison, D.D. (University of the South). New York: E. P. Dutton. 1918.

How can a book on mysticism hope to find readers in a country where the energies of its people are absorbed in waging stupendous war? Does not the appreciation of such a book depend upon external peace and leisure to devote to purely personal and subjective problems? The answer is that there are two types in mysticism and two kinds of war-time problems, and that between one type of mysticism and war problems there are intimate relations. The author of this clear handbook treats mysticism as the art of seeking and finding God through the channels of the "Mystic Way." There are mystics who are content with their own personal quest, and its immediate goal in discovering a personal connection between the soul and God. These are the *mere* mystics. There are others who seek not merely to experience God in faith and rapture, but who seek to know God's will and to make that the programme of their lives in strenuous service to the triumph of that will in history. Their mysticism becomes a source of practical wisdom, of heroic strength, and devotion. These mystics emerge from the mystic state to become reformers, prophets, and missionaries, devoted to their fellows and to mankind. These are the "Mystics in Action." Such a mystic was Cromwell. A great war can only be a great moral cause if its participants can enter it in this mystic spirit.

But war also has its very intimate personal side. It throws upon multitudes burdens of personal sorrow and loss and suffering. The "shell-shocked" and all whose nerves break under the strain may find restoration through mystic experience. The loss of loved ones finds in it the only personal compensation. Those who suffer at the hideous spectacle, apart from personal losses, find in it the means of hope and calm courage.



Those who feel that they have lost their God or their power to pray to Him will find this book to contain the most useful suggestions. It will also prove of great use as an introduction to the study of the theory of mysticism to those whose interest is purely scientific, metaphysical, and theological. J. B. T.

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A THEOLOGY FOR THE SOCIAL GOSPEL. By Walter Rauschenbusch. New York: The Macmillan Company. 1917.

"The body of ideas which we call the social gospels is not the product of a fad or a temporary interest: it is not an alien importation or a novel invention: it is the revival of the most ancient and authentic gospel, and a scientific unfolding of essential elements of Christian doctrine which have remained undeveloped all too long: the rise of the social gospel is not a matter of choice but of destiny: the digestion of its ideas will excite a quickening and reconstructive influence on every part of theology" (p. 26).

The most serious charge that is commonly made against theology is that it is a speculative system, sufficient unto itself and remote from the concerns of human interest in the present world. Such a charge is plainly justified in certain of the traditional theologies. False ideas about God or the absence of any ideas about Him may lead to the most disastrous calamities to men and nations. Conversely, the widespread recognition of God as a God of justice—as the true Father of the human race—is bound to have a saving influence upon the historic destiny of man. True and saving ideas about God and mankind and their reciprocal relations are developed in this book of prophetic insight, and their acceptance by the bulk of mankind would be the best guarantee for the future security of the world of men. The author has known how to envisage the profounder meanings of theology as the guiding truths that can alone deliver men from the power of the kingdom of evil by making them the co-founders of the Kingdom of God.

Since this review was written, Professor Rauschenbusch has died. The press of the country has accorded to his work and worth the highest recognition. J. B. T.

GOD AND MR. WELLS. A CRITICAL EXAMINATION OF "GOD THE INVISIBLE KING." By William Archer. New York: Alfred A. Knopf. 1917. Pp. vii + 156.

GOD THE KNOWN AND GOD THE UNKNOWN. By Samuel Butler, author of *Erewhon*. New Haven: Yale University Press. 1917. Pp. 91.

THE IDEA OF GOD IN THE LIGHT OF RECENT PHILOSOPHY. The Gifford Lectures for 1912 and 1913. By A. Seth Pringle-Pattison, Professor of Logic and Metaphysics in the University of Edinburgh. Oxford University Press. 1917. Pp. viii. + 425.

"When it was known that Mr. H. G. Wells had set forth to discover God, all amateurs of intellectual adventure were filled with pleasurable excitement and anticipation." Thus Mr. Archer begins his keen and witty analysis of Mr. Wells's God made in the image of man. At the end of his first chapter Mr. Archer tells this little story to illustrate Mr. Wells's airy procedure in relieving God of the Divine Dignities:—

"I talked the other day to a young Australian who had been breaking new land for wheat-growing. 'What do you do,' I asked, 'with the stumps of the trees you fell? It must be a great labour to clear them out.' 'We don't clear them out,' he replied. 'We use ploughs that automatically rise when they come to a stump, and take the earth again on the other side.' I cannot but conjecture," continues Mr. Archer, "that Mr. Wells's thinking apparatus is fitted with some such automatic appliance for soaring gaily over the snags that stud the ploughlands of theology."

However, our author agrees with his victim in a sentiment expressed by Mr. Clutton Brock to this effect: "Satisfaction with existing things is damnation." Mr. Archer adds: "I have always thought that hell was the headquarters of conservatism, and I am delighted to find such influential backing for that pious opinion." If our readers will pardon this very Gallic levity, so fearfully and dangerously alien to the style of *Mittleuropa*, we may venture to say that the underlying thought is of wide range, applying to mountain-top as well as seashore!

Now we must not give the impression that the essay of Mr. Archer is flippant; on the contrary, just because the author is not an "orthodox" Christian, one appreciates the more this 16-inch shell hurled into the middle of Mr. Wells's fortifications:

"It is not quite clear why Mr. Wells should accept so large a part of the Christian ethic and yet refuse to identify his Invisible King with Christ." Let us all pause for Mr. Wells's reply.

Here is another, which gets "close home": "Your God [divested of metaphysical attributes] is simply a name for your own better instincts and impulses. Many people, perhaps most, share Mr. Wells's tendency to externalize, objectivate, personify these impulses; and there may be no harm in doing so. But when it comes to asserting that your own personification is the only true one, then I am not so sure." So on page 89. Further, on page 129, "For what is idolatry if it be not manufacturing a God, whether out of golden earrings or out of humanitarian sentiments, and then bowing down and worshipping it?"

In many respects, Butler is the antidote to Wells, for he is more logical and has it that we are units in the great World Organism; and hence we can regain from the lilies of the field some of the peace that Wells has stripped us of in his "good-fellow" god that begs us for help.

"No man does well so to kick against the pricks as to set himself against tendencies of such depth, strength, and permanence as this [evolutionism]. If he is to be in harmony with the dominant opinion of his own and of many past ages, he will see a single God-impregnate substance as having been the parent from which all living forms have sprung. One spirit, and one form capable of such modification as its directing spirit shall think fit; one soul and one body, one God and one life."

This is perhaps the central thought of Butler, and we may take it as a modern evolutionary comment on the Scriptural phrase,— "in whom we live and move and have our being."

The last of our three books is the really great one, too great for brief characterization. It is a noble pronouncement of British *pluralism* against German *monism*. Professor Pringle-Pattison, under his old name of Andrew Seith, many years ago, in his little book called *Hegelianism and Personality*, showed up the empty abstractness of the favorite German idealism—a lack of respect for personal individuality.

The book is too technical for the purposes of literary review;

but one may judge its spirit from two quotations that we may allow ourselves. On page 254 we are told "that there can be no true doctrine of God which is not based on a true doctrine of man." No wonder "Gott" does not attract our plain Entente minds!

Our second quotation, not so popularly expressed, is nevertheless more than well worth pondering: "For art, as for philosophy, the End is inseparable from the process of its accomplishment. The End is not the final stage which succeeds and supplants its predecessors; it is the meaning or spirit of the whole, distilled, as it were, into each individual scene or passage." And each "scene" diplomatic and military, in the present World Tragedy, proves the truth of our author's words. T. P. B.

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STUDIES IN THE SYNTAX OF THE LINDISFARNE GOSPELS. By Morgan Callaway, Professor of English in the University of Texas. Baltimore: The Johns Hopkins University Press. 1918.

TENNYSON'S USE OF THE BIBLE. By Edna Moore Robinson. Baltimore: The Johns Hopkins University Press.

The first volume, forming No. 5 of *Hesperia, Studies in English Philology*, edited by James W. Bright, is restricted to an investigation of the Participle and of the Infinitive. Further instalments, dealing with the subjunctive mood and other syntactical problems, are promised by the same author. A good example of the microscopic, German method of counting and tabulating, these present *Studies* give evidence of that marvelous patience and that painful attention to detail which have contributed so much to modern German efficiency, but which have laid a blighting hand on our scholarship, checking in our graduate students the slightest inclination towards anything like æsthetic literary effort. In most of the graduate departments of our larger universities scholarship is synonymous only with patient drudgery, the ultimate value of the special investigation in hand being altogether secondary. In this particular instance, Professor Callaway tells us that, as the *Lindisfarne Gospels* is merely an interlinear gloss and in many respects a faulty one, a larger question at once presents itself, whether

or not such a gloss can give any trustworthy evidence as to the normal syntax of the dialect in which it is written. Concluding that, as the glossator adheres strictly to the Latin original, the text can throw no light on the normal order of words in the Northumbrian, the author declares that in the case of idioms or of the syntax of any parts of speech in which the gloss diverges from its original, the text gives invaluable evidence as to native usage. "It is hoped," he adds "that the studies may prove of interest from an absolute standpoint, the more so that they disclose several idioms not known in West-Saxon. Among the more noteworthy of these idoms may be mentioned the Absolute Participle with an Accusative Subject, possibly also with a Nominative Subject; the Infinitive as the Object of a Preposition; the Imperative use of the Infinitive; and that substitute for the Infinitive which I have ventured to nominate the Elliptical Accusative-with-Infinitive Construction. Moreover, certain constructions that are only slightly represented in West-Saxon, are somewhat frequent in the *Lindisfarne Gospels*, as the Inflected Infinitive with an Accusative Subject in Objective Clauses and Uninflected Infinitive with Accusative Subject in Subjective Clauses."

All honor to Professor Callaway for his splendid faith, courage, persistence, enthusiasm, and accuracy. Let us hope that the few grains of truth he has discovered in this dusty desert of a Northumbrian gloss may prove of value to modern students of a living language.

Although printed at the Johns Hopkins Press, this second brochure bears also the imprint of Vandenhoeck and Ruprecht, Göttingen, and is No. 4 of *Hesperia*, a series of *Schriften zur englischen Philologie*. In other words, the familiar imprint "Made in Germany" appears on No. 4 of this series and has been removed from No. 5,—a hopeful sign of our future freedom from German domination in the realm of scholarship. Aside, however, from this outward evidence of our growing independence, this particular study of Miss Robinson's is far removed in manner and method from the usual doctor's dissertation. In the first place it is interesting, in the second place it has personality and some charm of style, and in the last place it was

worth doing. "The single attempt is to discover from Tennyson's use of Scripture the successive and orderly stages of his artistic and poetic development. Here is a poet who used biblical phrases and images in one way in his earliest lines, who used them in another way in subsequent poems; and in still other ways in productions that were later and later yet. If the following pages have any new value it lies in exhibiting the orderly development and progress of a great poet's genius by showing that progress and development as seen in the successive stages of his artistic use of the English Bible. . . . Seen as a whole it is a bird's-eye view of the total landscape of a great artist's far-stretching career." The study is of interest not only in the light it throws on Tennyson's career, but in the conception it gives of the religious development of his age. Let us have more such dissertations from our budding doctors of philosophy.

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PAST AND PRESENT. By Thomas Carlyle. With an Introduction and Notes by Edwin Mims, Professor of English, Vanderbilt University. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. 1918.

Among the recent editions of the Modern Student's Library, an excellent series of English classics sponsored by the old-established house of Scribner, is a new edition of Carlyle's *Past and Present*. The book well measures up to the test set for the series, that every volume shall be recognized as essential to a liberal education and shall tend to infuse a love for true literature and an appreciation of the qualities which cause it to endure. The editors of the several volumes have been carefully selected with a view to their peculiar fitness for their tasks. The editor of this political masterpiece of Carlyle, Dr. Edwin Mims of Vanderbilt University, was chosen with special propriety, because of his familiarity with the social and economic questions which caused the book to be written. He is so well known in the realm of American scholarship that it is sufficient to say that his Carlyle is one of his best pieces of editorial work.

Though written in 1843, *Past and Present* is perhaps the most timely and forward-looking essay of the Seer of Chelsea. It reads, indeed, like a contemporary treatise on social and industrial problems. Its message for the present day, for example, is



far more significant than that of Ruskin's political writings. The author, as usual, shouts at the reader from the printed page with uncouth, sprawling sentences that often stand topsy-turvy on their heads to attract attention. Like Ibsen, he was determined to be heard. But aside from its grotesque, volcanic style, *Past and Present* shows a prophetic insight into the social forces which wrought an industrial revolution in England and which can be understood better to-day in the light of subsequent events than they were by the early Victorians. Of the gaints of that age Carlyle alone read aright the progress of the Time-Spirit.

Dr. Mims shows in his illuminating introduction how democracy and freedom were then as now the watchwords of both liberals and progressives. Carlyle declared that "Liberty needs new definitions" from age to age, and our President has given voice in his world-shaking speeches to this new ideal of individual, national, and international freedom. Some of the Scotchman's ideas of the efficient state and the moral equivalent of war have been paralleled in the writings of Wells and James. *Past and Present* clearly forecasts the socialistic state and sets forth the compromise between "inevitable Democracy and indispensable sovereignty" as the "highest question hitherto propounded to mankind."

The book was not understood in its day for reasons which the editor makes clear. The author not only did not speak literally or figuratively the language of that utilitarian and conservative age, but was opposed by the social democratic champions on one extreme and by the spokesmen of the old order in Church and State on the other. "Carlyle's attack upon liberty," says Dr. Mims, "considered as a negative individualism, unrestricted and unlimited, is now justified in the increasing insistence upon industrial liberty as a necessary element and upon social duties as of equal importance with the rights of the individual." The present war with its rapid and drastic changes, as seen in the government handling of the prohibition problem, strikes, minimum wage, social vice, the military draft, food laws, management of public utilities, fuel regulation, and the whole system of taxation, has struck at the root of many of the evils denounced by the

plain-spoken Scotch philosopher, who boldly set himself to solving the Sphinx riddle of the world.

Bentham and his school had maintained the dangerous doctrine that the happiness of mankind depends upon "mere political arrangements," guided entirely by selfish interests; government a taxing machine to the discontented, a machine for securing property, to the contented. Carlyle set his face like a flint against this hard, mechanical theory of society, which had much in common with the present Prussian idea, and opposed to it a deep spiritual view of man's relationship to himself, his fellow-men, and the State. *Past and Present* presents this idea of a real democracy, a brotherhood of men, dependent for its driving force upon "Dynamics, which has to do with the inward, primary power of man."

The book was written as a true seer's commentary on an age of superficial, makeshift reforms, which did not reach or heal the deeper ulcers of the body politic. Carlyle feared, indeed, that England would suffer a second edition of the French Revolution, "truth clad in hell-fire," "for there is nowhere any tie remaining among men." *Past and Present* should be read by thoughtful minds to-day in the light of contemporary events as a remarkable prophecy in the enduring literary form of that new democracy which Mr. Wilson and Mr. Lloyd George are writing with pens of flame into the constitution of that greater world-state that is to be.

GEORGE A. WAUCHOPE.

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THE METHOD OF HENRY JAMES. By Joseph Warren Beach, Assistant Professor of English, University of Minnesota. New Haven: Yale University Press. Pp. 270. 1918.

Can a labor of criticism be a labor of love? This "searching study of the technique of James in its various aspects," answers the question affirmatively. Those intellectually élite souls that wish to study the *finesse* of characterization in the depths of human personality may well seize upon Professor Beach's book as a godsend of a guide! For, though the book is studying James's "method," in James the method is the key to the matter. A few quotations from the early chapters will give those interested in James—and no others are likely to read the book—a

foretaste of the good things set before them in this acute but generous study:—

“It is a chief distinction of James that he was the first to write novels in English with a full and fine sense of the principles of composition. . . . If you are to use the word story at all in connection with these novels, the story is not what the characters do, nor how the situation works out. The story is rather the process by which the characters and the situation are revealed to us. The last chapter is not an addendum tacked on to let us know what happened after the wedding. It simply turns on the light by which the whole situation—which had perhaps long since taken shape in the dark—is at last made clear. And no one can hope to learn how such a novel ‘comes out’ by turning to the last chapter, which is wholly unintelligible save as the last phase of the general situation,—last not necessarily in time, but the last to be displayed, and as meaningless by itself as a predicate without a subject. . . . In [some of] the novels . . . there is a strong tendency towards the author’s distinctive method of gradual revelation. . . . The narrative is taken up with the gradual emergence of relationships and points of view, of attitudes and designs. Behind these subjective facts lurk indeed great cloudy masses of the objective. But they remain always in the mist, behind the subjective facts,—which seldom, for that matter, come out themselves into the clear, sharp light of plain statement. . . . In other novels we are in suspense as to the fortunes of our friends in the story, their success or failure in what they have undertaken, the nature of the dangers or difficulties they are destined to meet. The question is, What is going to happen? In James, the question is more often, *What is it that did happen?* where are we now? what did that mean? what is the significance of that act? what new light is thrown upon such and such a character, or upon our situation? . . . From beginning to end of the story we are occupied with just *finding out* what it is the author is hiding from us. . . . This extreme jealousy of his material is not to be attributed wholly, or even principally, to a mischievous love of teasing the reader,—however legitimate this may be in a writer of fiction. More important is his concern that the reader may not have too big a

helping. He wishes him to master one position thoroughly before he proceeds to the next. This both on account of the next position, which will be more securely seized if the first position is solidly occupied, and more especially on account of the earlier position itself. James wishes to express the last drop of human significance from whatever circumstance he puts into his press. This is required by that law of economy that he so cheerfully obeys. Any less deliberate rate of progress would make it impossible to 'work' his story, as Mr. James would say himself, 'for all it is worth.' . . . The stories of Henry James are records of seeing rather than of doing. That we have seen to be, at any rate, the general impression of the reader. The process of the story is always more or less what Mr. James himself calls in one case a 'process of vision'" (pp. 37, 41-43, 50, 54, 56). T. P. B.

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THE SCIENCE AND THE ART OF TEACHING. By Daniel W. La Rue. New York and Cincinnati: American Book Company.

In his "First Word to the Reader" the author of this little book declares that "emphasis is laid on the fact that teaching is becoming an efficient art, because we are learning to base it on scientific certainty, on the results of schoolroom experiment. The day of tradition and of merely personal authority has not altogether gone in education, but we can all help to speed its passing. Not only are the scientific spirit and ways of working emphasized, but teaching method is shown to be based on scientific method as found in the field and in the laboratory." Fortunately for the value of the book the extreme point of view taken in the foregoing sentences is modified in chapter two and elsewhere, and education is shown to be an approximate science dependent upon many unseen forces. The chief fault with much of the teaching in our so-called normal schools is that the students are deluded by a study of "teaching methods"—a barbarous terminology—into the belief that method comes before matter and that the whole process of teaching (which our author calls "teaching process") may be reduced to a scientific formula. Professor La Rue's book, though for the most part a sensible, practical treatment of his subject, is not altogether free from such complacent optimism.

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